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ITALY.

IF it was ever true that circumstances make men, and that the daily life of a nation may be coloured and changed by a new political existence, it is true in Italy at this moment. There has never, indeed, been any period of Italian history when the intellectual force of the people was really extinct; and even in the eighteenth century, when Italy was at her lowest, there were always abundance of men in the large cities possessed of cultivation and knowledge, and even of that practical originality which displayed itself in the Tuscan and Neapolitan codes. The municipal history of Italy has also continued without a break from the days of republican Rome, and every commune has been a school in which some degree of experience has been gained, and the invaluable habit has been formed of obeying leaders not selected by the Government. But ten years ago, the mass of the Italian people was dormant, timid, and bigoted. Now, the old order of things remains, but a new has been added. The basis of Italian political life is still found in the educated classes of the large towns, and in that freedom and vitality of the commercial system which secures a local prominence to men of ability, integrity, and fortune. Frenchmen would have been utterly incapable of conducting a revolution after the fashion in which the Italians have managed their great revolution since the war of 1859 opened the door to national unity; for France has long abandoned that system of local independence which has furnished Italy with so large a number of practical, sensible, moderate politicians. And now the spirit and energy of political life, and the power of a single central Government, are every day introducing new ideas and new habits of action among the people at large. The efforts which the successive Ministries that have followed in the steps of CAVOUR have made to develop the material resources of the country, and to bring one part of Italy near to another, have been really remarkable. More has been spent on Naples than has been received from it since GARIBALDI won it for the KING. Railways will soon run from the Alps to Calabria, and the present MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS is engaged in a scheme which is certainly bold enough, and which, if successful, is designed to map out all Italy into five great railway territories, each to be held by a powerful Company. Even the savage wilds of Sardinia are to be pierced by a railway which will collect the magnificent resources of that strange island; and before long the modern world will escape the disgrace of seeing the splendid fields of Sicily abandoned to that desolation which, even in the neighbourhood of Messina, has replaced the industry and wealth of ancient times. The country is also growing secure. It was always certain, to every one acquainted with the history of European Powers condemned to face similar difficulties, that a strong Italian Government, willing to spend money and the lives of soldiers, would be able to put down brigandage, unless it was sustained by aid from without, or by the local sympathies of the population. In the Neapolitan provinces, the population has remained neutral between the brigands and the soldiers. It has neither favoured the plunderers whose presence has been so long familiar, nor has it worked to put them down. The Government, therefore, after many errors and a lamentable loss of life, has succeeded in establishing its authority, and the nest of robber chiefs which was sheltered at Rome has been broken up at last by the interposition of the French. The Italian Government has obtained from the EMPEROR the concession of simple justice so long due to it, and has persuaded him, with the help of England, that if he insisted on holding Rome he could not escape the responsibility of the disturbances and crimes of which Rome was the focus. Whether the Government was technically justified in seizing the exiled brigand chiefs on board a French vessel in the port of Genoa, can only be determined when the exact

facts are known; but it is highly improbable that the seizure was made without the concurrence of the French authorities. The priests are also sharing the fate of their friends the brigands. Priestly influence is rapidly decaying in Italy. No new bishops have been appointed since VICTOR EMANUEL quarrelled with the POPE. Their place is supplied by vicars elected by the chapters, and the Italians notice, with the pleasure of boys who have learnt to swim without corks, that they float as pleasantly without the swarm of bishops to which they were accustomed. A great scandal discovered in a seminary conducted by priests at Turin has given an impetus to secular education; and the higher classes of Northern Italy will soon pass almost entirely under the tuition of laymen. Wealth, and facility of communication, and security from violence, and secular education, will inevitably make Italy a new country within the lifetime of a single generation, unless some great check comes to blight the progress that has begun.

But the difficulties of Italy are enormous, and are keenly felt at this moment by all Italians capable of appreciating them. There is an almost entire unanimity of opinion that the army must be kept up at all hazards, and it is obvious that the only way of keeping it up is to put on new taxes. But in Italy almost everything is taxed that can be taxed, and it is hard for an Englishman, accustomed to the all-pervading taxation of his own country, to think of any tax which he does not find already existing in Italy, with the exception of an income-tax. This solitary exception is to exist no longer, and Italy is to have an income-tax. Every one is agreed so far, and there is no opposition whatever to the creation of this new impost. The amount asked for by the Ministry at present is only an annual revenue of a million and a quarter sterling; but this sum is avowedly only the precursor of a much heavier demand when the system of raising the tax has been adjusted and got into good working order. What this system ought to be is, however, a subject of furious controversy. The Government proposal is to fix the amount which certain districts are to pay, and to leave the local authorities to collect it. It is undeniable that this plan offers great advantages. It ensures that the sum voted by the Parliament will be the sum received by the Government. The local machinery of taxation exists, and is worked effectively and cheaply; and as neighbours know with tolerable accuracy the fortunes of each other, and as it would then be the object of every one to see that those around him paid their full share, there would be less room than under the English system for eluding the impost by a concealment of income. On the other hand, it is not easy to see how the communes could practically collect the money without exciting bitter jealousies, and giving occasion for very serious complaints. Every one would be apt to resent the estimate of his income made by a local official; and yet, if, in order to shield himself from an overcharge, he was obliged to submit all his books and accounts to the eye of an unfriendly neighbour, he would often be driven to bear injustice rather than set himself right by so terrible a process. There is also abundant room for criticism with regard to the sums at which the central Government rates the different districts. The Government chooses to say that such a district is to pay a hundred thousand pounds; but who is to satisfy the district that this is the sum which is its proper proportion? The Government professes to take certain rough tests, such as the amount already paid as land-tax, and the tax on moveables, the population, the amount of main and cross-roads and railways, and the sums paid in the district for the stamps necessary to render valid every kind of transfer of property and of commercial bargains. No better tests probably could be discovered; but the result obtained must obviously be a very rough one, and as the only appeal open to a district that thinks itself injured is to the very Minister who

has already fixed the quota, an injured district would be practically without remedy. Thus the different districts of Italy might be perpetually comparing their different lots, each feeling aggrieved by the disproportionately heavy burden it might think it had to endure; and so the first object of Italian statesmen, the destruction of local and provincial jealousies, might be seriously baffled by a measure especially designed to bind the nation to a fresh sacrifice on the altar of unity.

The income-tax, however, in some form, is sure to be carried, and no one thinks of preventing the necessity of new taxation by the simple expedient of spending less. That money must be provided somehow for an army of the first pretensions is an axiom with Italian statesmen of all shades of opinion. The army contains close on four hundred thousand men now, and it is proposed to carry it up to half-a-million. This is an enormous force, and quite beyond what Italy could possibly want if Italy were once fairly established. But the Italians, whether rightly or wrongly, have taken into their heads that there can be no peace for Italy while Austria holds the Quadrilateral. With an enemy encamped in the plains of Lombardy, and holding so commanding a position, Italy can never be long safe. At this moment she happens to be safe. France would not endure any encroachment of Austria, and Austria has every reason to wish for peace. But if Italy were left by France to stand alone—an event exceedingly probable in the rapid changes of French politics—she must look to herself for protection against Austria; and Austria, while she holds the Quadrilateral, has virtually the command of all Italy north of the Po. It is not Rome that now mainly occupies the Italian mind. Every one is persuaded that, some day, Rome will be the capital; but every one is also persuaded that, until that day comes, Turin is the best capital that could be found. There are public buildings at Turin sufficient for the transaction of business, and in any other town they would have to be erected; and if Rome is some day to see the Italian Parliament assembled there, it seems scarcely wise to incur the previous expense of establishing public buildings in another city. The population of Turin is also admitted by every Italian to have a character eminently suited for Parliamentary Government, and such as can scarcely be paralleled in other Italian towns. Nowhere is there so great a habit of order, so firm a respect for law, so total an absence of small jealousies and intrigues, and so fixed a dislike of extreme measures and men. The Italians also feel that, although they may not be going through any religious change, they are assuming a different position towards ecclesiastical authorities, and that they will probably gain by letting this change gradually produce its fruits. Therefore, Rome is not the pressing question of Italian politics at this moment. Nor can it exactly be said that Venice is. Every Italian attached to the idea of national unity longs to see Venice freed from the stranger; but if the only object of the army were the liberation of Venice, the army would be much less than it is. The Italians are collecting this enormous army because they are convinced that Italy can have no real and enduring independence while Austria holds the Quadrilateral. They do not look forward to keeping up for ever by heavy taxation an army of half a million of men. Their project is, partly by taxation, partly by loans, to get together an army of half a million of men, and then make a great effort to get the Quadrilateral for Italy. It may be quite useless for them to think of driving Austria out, and it may to some minds seem that they have no moral right to prepare to disturb the peace of Europe; but at any rate, this is what they are doing and planning; and it is impossible to overlook so important a fact in estimating the probable course of European events.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

INTELLIGENT and respectable Prussians are probably well pleased with the protest of the Heir-Apparent against the KING's proceedings. The prosperity and greatness of the nation are still identified in general opinion with the maintenance of the Royal dynasty, and the experience of many countries has proved that revolution is the worst commencement of reform. Freedom is impossible unless some basis of authority is established, for, in default of traditional obedience, coercion is the only alternative. The history of Prussia furnishes special reasons for respecting the inviolability of the Crown. The kingdom is in a great measure composed of the inherited and acquired possessions of the family of HOHENZOLLERN; and the religious apostasy of the kings of Saxony, and the territorial insignificance of the elder Saxon branch, have left the House of Prussia to represent without dispute the Protestant civilization of Northern Germany. The genius and courage of

FREDERICK THE GREAT perhaps saved the entire nation from permanent dependence on three great Powers, of which only one was partially German. The successors of the hero have lived on his reputation; and FREDERICK WILLIAM III. was fortunate in associating his name with the triumphant regeneration of 1813. For fifty years antiquarian patriots have dreamed of the restoration of the German Empire; and when the fancy seemed, in 1848, capable of realization, the revolutionary Assembly of Frankfurt unanimously offered the Imperial Crown to the KING of PRUSSIA. FREDERICK WILLIAM IV. was a HAMLET of real life, gifted with all the speculative intellect of his countrymen, and also with a social liveliness which is less characteristic of the race. An invincible dislike to action rendered him as timid in political affairs as he was bold and liberal in opinion. Although he prudently declined the Empire, he cherished the idea of German unity as far as it was compatible with the existence of three dozen independent princes, and he was willing to grant his own subjects a free Constitution, in the hope that they would never use their franchises by opposing the Government. The Prussians understood his weaknesses, and perhaps they partly sympathized with the most conspicuous representative of philosophical helplessness. For their political disappointments they consoled themselves by the reflection that the successor to the throne was a common-place, and therefore, as they hoped, a straightforward, soldier.

WILLIAM I. found himself welcomed, on his accession, with unanimous loyalty; and if his natural dulness had been combined with average common sense, his reign would probably have been smoother and more uneventful than the career of any of his predecessors. Unfortunately, the sophistical theories of his brother reappeared in a less logical and imaginative mind, in the form of petrified crotchets. WILLIAM I. supposes himself to have acquired, by some supernatural process, an indefeasible right to the obedience of his subjects, as well as to their allegiance. Although he accepts the Constitution with a kind of stupid sincerity, he is unable to comprehend that powers conceded to a Parliament are necessarily withdrawn from the Crown. His feeling is that of a feudal lord who, having retained the manorial rights after parting with the freehold of a farm, believes that any act of ownership on the part of the proprietor is an infringement on his superior rights. The Prussians are tolerant, but they are becoming tired of a series of incompetent and blundering sovereigns; and, with the best disposition to throw the blame of unconstitutional violence on the Minister, they cannot but believe the KING's eager assurances that his follies are emphatically his own. The particular forms of insolence which were applied to the Chamber may be attributed to M. von BISMARCK's perverse ingenuity; but the KING himself evidently desired to punish his erring subjects by treating them like mutinous schoolboys. His theory is, that Constitutions were intended for the aid of the Royal Government, which has been endowed by Providence with an instinctive perception of the wants and interests of the country. If the Parliament fails to perform its functions by facilitating free executive action, the divinely-inspired ruler has a power, like the Visitor of a College, to correct all abuses, including insubordination. In one of his whimsical communications, the KING lately informed the House of Deputies that it was needless to send him a report of their proceedings, as he already knew them by intuition. It is barely possible that, by the support of the officers of the army, he may prove the truth of his favourite doctrines; but if the balance of force should incline in favour of the Parliament, the Crown may soon be in jeopardy.

The Prince of PRUSSIA both disapproves of the conduct of his father, and thinks that the dynasty has cause for alarm. His public disclaimers of all responsibility for the practical overthrow of the Constitution are unexpectedly vehement and earnest. It seems that the KING, with his usual comic simplicity, reminded his son, on the appointment of the BISMARCK Ministry, that he had now the opportunity of playing the ordinary part of Crown Prince, by putting himself at the head of the Opposition. FREDERICK WILLIAM I. would have imprisoned the Heir-Apparent, and threatened to cut off his head. WILLIAM I., conforming for once to the spirit of a milder age, only tried to taunt his son into submission. On both sides there is probably a kindlier feeling than the furious enmity which induced the Prince of WALES to exult publicly in the madness of GEORGE III., who afterwards told GEORGE ROSE that he had only one child who was a coward, "and him—" "I will not mention, because he is to succeed me." The Prince of PRUSSIA is believed to be discreet and well disposed, and the KING himself is probably not devoid of natural

feeling. A promise to abstain from opposition was readily given, but the excesses of the Government rendered a protest necessary or expedient. The Constitution had provided for extraordinary cases in which provisional legislation, by Royal decree, might become indispensable in the intervals of Parliamentary Sessions; and the Ministry, after proroguing the Parliament, deliberately suppressed by a decree the liberties which were guaranteed to the press by the Constitution itself. The Prince of PRUSSIA, before the issue of the decree, implored the KING to abstain from so distinct a violation of the law. In reply, he was exhorted to make amends for his former errors, "by slighting the Progressists and courting the "Conservatives." The KING appears to have, nevertheless, felt some doubts as to his unconstitutional decree, as he thinks it necessary to defend it by several characteristic arguments. "The decree of June 1, besides being in consonance with "the Charter, and more particularly with Clause 63, will be laid "before the Diet." The KING adds, that "the decree, so far from "being the enormity you say, ought to have been introduced "in the shape of a Bill even under the late Liberal Cabinet; "for it was on this condition only that I sanctioned the law "protecting printing-offices against the supervision and interference of the police."

If the Prince of PRUSSIA should be tempted during his future reign to forget the liberal doctrines which he now defends, he may take warning from the intellectual aberrations which seem to follow the claim of arbitrary power. The poor KING believes that a law which in his opinion ought to have been passed is valid, and that the statute which he himself signed is void because the Ministers failed to correct it by some other legislative act. The decree is good in itself; it will be laid before the Diet; and, finally, it ought not to have been a decree, but a law. "I know not," said the patriotic statesman, "whether our Generals intimidate the "enemy, but I confess they make me tremble." WILLIAM I. and his Minister may or may not have impressed the Chamber with terror, but they have thoroughly frightened the heir to the Crown. "The Ministry," he says, "have taken a "step imperilling my future, and that of my children; I "shall make as courageous a stand for my reversion as you, "my dear father, are making for your possession." There is always an appearance of ungracious self-assertion in direct opposition offered by a son to his father, but in separating himself from the BISMARCK proceedings, the PRINCE is serving the KING himself by protecting the interest of the dynasty. When a tenant for life falls into the hands of the Jews, the next in succession does well in refusing publicly and peremptorily to charge the remainder with his predecessor's debts. The Prussians might have despaired of a family which seemed to have inherited the incurable perversity of the STUARTS or the BOURBONS. In the hope of a reaction at the close of the present reign, they may be willing to wait, or, at the worst, to substitute an abdication for simple deposition. The Ministers will be, perhaps, checked in their reckless course by the knowledge that they are only creating a despotism on the security of a life of sixty. It is even said that the KING himself is shaken by the opposition of the future depository of Royal inspiration. The association of common sense with reversionary divine right must appear puzzling, if not significant, to an habitual believer in the paradoxical tendencies of Providence.

THE CLOSE OF AMATEUR DIPLOMACY.

THOSE who cherished hopes of living to see a solution of the great ROEBUCK-LINDSAY mystery will go to their graves disappointed men. Mr. LINDSAY cruelly shuts off from us, not only the present gratification of our curiosity, but the indulgence of all future hope. That sealed book in which are contained all the mysteries, past, present, and to come, concerning the bickerings of LOUIS NAPOLEON and LORD RUSSELL, is to remain sealed till the end of time, unless some perfidious executor, or some irreverent student of a later day, shall break in upon its secrecy. Of what a splendid enigma for the discussions and the controversies of future historians does it enclose the germ! Even now, in its sullen and obstinate silence, it furnishes food for curious speculation. How came it even into existence? What was the final cause of its creation? What was it that induced Mr. LINDSAY to fill its pages with the august narrative of Imperial grievances, and then to bury it, like MERLIN'S spell-book, ten thousand fathoms deep? If no hope of present profit or of future fame was there to cheer the scribe through his irksome task, what motive was it that supported Mr. LINDSAY in the labour of entrusting to this silent and impenetrable

confidant a chronicle of the inextricable *tracasseries* of the Tuileries? But such speculations are perfectly idle—the world is not to see the book. Mr. LINDSAY takes pleasure in whetting the curiosity he will not satisfy. Perhaps, if he had resolved from the first not to publish it, it might have been wiser to be silent about its existence altogether. A mysterious authority often hinted at and never shown is exposed to the suspicion of being a diplomatic Mrs. HARRIS.

As the riddle is now left in the position in which it will probably remain, we may take stock of the probabilities which the various successive explanations have brought to light. It is quite clear that the French EMPEROR did make some complaint of the treatment he had received from the English Ministry in reference to Confederate recognition, for the two members asserted it, and he has not denied it. It is probable that the offence took place at some time between January, 1862, when M. THOUVENEL'S despatch upon the Trent affair proved that he was heartily with us, and November, 1862, when Count FLAHAULT'S marked omission to observe the ordinary form of leaving a copy of the despatch which contained the proposal for an armistice indicated the existence of some estrangement. It is probable, therefore, that the communication upon American affairs which Lord RUSSELL is said to have betrayed to the Americans was made in the spring or summer of last year. From the scrupulous care with which Lord RUSSELL has refrained from making any denials upon the subject, and the ostentatious frankness with which Mr. LAYARD has been always ready to deny everything, it is likely that the communication was made privately to Lord RUSSELL; and from the zeal with which Mr. LAYARD has searched the written archives of the Foreign Office, it may be inferred that the communication was verbal. The secret diplomacy with which Mr. ROEBUCK'S disclosures are connected does not probably end here. They appear to have caused negotiations at least as important as those which they revealed. It is not to be supposed that the EMPEROR abstained from confirming the statements of the envoys he had selected, or that they themselves have been content to endure all kinds of insinuations in silence, except for a consideration of some kind. It must have been shown to them that the object they were seeking was more easily to be attained by silence than by talking. We must wait for the future policy of the English Government to inform us whether any distinct understanding, as to the period of recognition, was the price of their discretion.

The strongest feeling which this curious episode has left behind it is a decided dislike to private diplomacy. It is not merely that the channels of the Imperial confidences to the House of Commons were not "responsible," as Lord PALMERSTON argued; for that hackneyed word is now so bare of any shade of meaning that it has almost ceased to be available even as a constitutional fiction. Few people would think of quarrelling with an official, self-constituted or otherwise, for being destitute of so shadowy an attribute. The real evil is the informal and ill-defined functions which a private diplomatist fills. He never has any authority to speak for anybody. When Mr. ROEBUCK gave to the EMPEROR an explanation of the feelings of the House of Commons, he spoke without any commission from that body, and probably misled his Imperial friend very considerably. When he reversed the process, and came to tell the House of Commons of the opinions of the EMPEROR, he was in a difficulty scarcely less serious. He had a commission, indeed, of some sort, to speak in the EMPEROR'S name; but he was under the shelter of none of the formalities with which those whose function it is to deal with princes protect themselves against wrong. He had no memorandum of the conversation, no despatch in which it was embodied, no commission to reveal it that he could show. The result was that he was wholly unprotected against any trick the EMPEROR might like to play him. If the EMPEROR had chosen to disavow him, he could have done it with perfect ease. Apart from the informal oral evidence of Mr. LINDSAY, Mr. ROEBUCK had nothing to which he could appeal—not even the testimony of a past diplomatic career. The constitutional question is, of course, large and grave. For the House of Commons to receive the messages of foreign Sovereigns is, in effect, to assume executive authority. It might as well send out its own orders to generals and admirals, and receive from them direct reports. If it may keep up relations with independent Powers, it becomes an independent Power itself. The whole elaborate machinery of Queen, Ministers, and diplomatists is entirely superfluous, if the functions which they perform can be discharged by the employment of two travelling members of Parliament as volunteer ambassadors. Still, the blame lay rather with the EMPEROR than with them. On their part, it was only an

indiscreet assumption. On his, it was a marked and ostentatious insult to the Government of an ally.

What his motive could be for taking so extraordinary a step, it is very difficult to divine. He could hardly hope that such a proceeding would conciliate the English Ministers—still less that it would convince them, if they had proved inaccessible to his arguments before. He may probably enough have wished to force them to action, for the speedy termination of the war has become a very serious matter with him. But how did he dream that such a mode of compulsion would operate? He must be sufficiently familiar with the state of English parties to know that Mr. ROEBUCK is not in a position to overthrow Lord PALMERSTON; and that, whatever his Parliamentary strength may be, it would not be increased by exposing him to the suspicion of being the instrument of France. The circulation of a similar suspicion has seriously damaged Mr. DISRAELI, who is in a far more powerful position; and to Mr. ROEBUCK, the Ishmael of politicians, it was absolutely fatal. The EMPEROR must be far more ignorant of English ways than is possible in one who has studied us so closely, if he imagined that it was practicable in this fashion to collect a Parliamentary force that should be sufficient to overawe the present Government. If, indeed, he had had to deal with a Monarchy that was not constitutional, in which the Monarch governed as well as reigned, the manœuvre would have been intelligible. Mr. ROEBUCK, with his popular style of speaking, his past successes, and his demagogic reputation, is just the person to frighten a Sovereign who necessarily possesses few means of studying public feeling. In a monarchy where the Sovereign took an active part in public affairs, such a man, from his very recklessness and plain-speaking, would be formidable. In such a case it would be NAPOLEON'S interest to gain over such a man, and to use him for the purpose of raising either the reality or the appearance of a popular movement, which would be quite alarming enough to those looking at it from above. But of course such a plan would be wholly thrown away upon England. It is our pride that our Sovereign reigns, but does not govern, and does not interfere to baulk the will of the nation in any important matters—least of all in questions so momentous as those of foreign policy. If the EMPEROR had not in his mind the idea of influencing the English Government through the fears of the Sovereign, his proceedings are wholly inexplicable. Yet it is scarcely more possible to conceive that he entertains so utterly erroneous a view of our institutions as this supposition would imply. Whatever the solution of all these puzzles may be, it is quite clear that our relations with France are in a very delicate position; and that some cause is at work—whether it be Lord RUSSELL'S temper or some other influence—that has occasioned an unmistakable estrangement between two Governments that a little time ago were on very amicable terms.

POLAND.

THE debate on Poland in the House of Lords corresponded to the protocol or *procès verbal* which sums up and records in a formal shape the arguments of a diplomatic controversy. Although Lord GREY is fully competent to form original views on any topic of public interest, all his suggestions and arguments had been anticipated before the House entered on the discussion. As the whole country is unanimous in deprecating war with Russia, it only remained for politicians to consider whether diplomatic intervention was useful, dignified, or safe. When a Government is avowedly unprepared to enforce the adoption of its proposals, it shares the disabilities of a consultative Council which is not allowed to support opinions by votes. The remonstrances and demands of Great Powers are, according to the old illustration, like arrows, which derive their force from the strength of the hand which draws the string. The cross-bow bolts of friendly argument, as they may be used by the dwarf, are commonly regarded as unbecoming to the giant; and it was easy, therefore, for Lord GREY to prove that Lord RUSSELL'S counsels would be ineffectual for any practical purpose. On the other hand, it might be said that mediation could do no harm, and that it might possibly afford occasion for a beneficial compromise. There are strong objections to negotiation, and there are strong reasons in its favour. A great German philosopher drew up a table of apparently inconsistent propositions, which were, nevertheless, separately undeniable; and it would seem that there are political as well as metaphysical *antinomies*, which render opposite modes of action demonstrably or theoretically untenable. The

House of Lords probably concurred with Lord GREY while he was speaking, but it was difficult to resist the force of Lord RUSSELL'S subsequent arguments. If the dignity of the Government, or even the interest of Poland, had been the exclusive subject of discussion, the balance of opinion would probably have inclined to the side of diplomatic interference. Negotiation might perhaps prove abortive, but absolute silence could by no possibility lead to beneficial results. Nations, as well as individuals, sometimes feel a natural desire to free their own souls from the shadow of responsibility, by denouncing crimes which they are unable to prevent; and the refusal of the English Government to join in the representations made by France and Austria would undoubtedly have produced a popular feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction.

Lord GREY'S principal ground for disapproving of Lord RUSSELL'S proposals consisted in the risk of drifting into involuntary war. The term which Lord CLARENDON has rendered proverbial conveys in itself a warning against a repetition of the errors of 1854. There is a superficial resemblance between the attempt to terminate the Polish struggle, and the feeble protest against Russian encroachment on Turkey which it ultimately became necessary to support at the cost of a formidable war; and Lord GREY'S prepossessions induce him to dwell on the apparent analogy between the two transactions, while he passes lightly over the essential distinction between a moral judgment and an international right. In oppressing the Poles, Russia violates no technical duty towards England, whereas the passage of the Pruth was an act of war against a Power which it was the policy of the English Government to maintain in its territorial integrity. The first step towards Constantinople was an act of an entirely different order from the hundredth exhibition of tyranny over the population of Warsaw. Lord ABERDEEN and his colleagues were deeply culpable in not indicating from the first moment the eventual resistance which they ought to have known that they would, against their will, be forced to offer. If Poland remains what Poland has been for fifty years, although further guilt may accumulate on Russia, no new offence will have been committed against England.

Lord GREY'S judgment is in some degree invalidated by his entire want of sympathy with the feelings which found expression and final satisfaction in the Crimean war. He asserts that, ten years ago, the House of Lords and the community in general were as fully convinced as at present that war was impossible. His memory would have served him better if he had confined his statement to the House of Lords, the Manchester party, and the Government. Those who were better able to judge of public opinion, because they were themselves influenced by the causes which produced it, arrived at the conclusion that war was impending, while Lord GREY, as well as Lord ABERDEEN, still tolerated Russian encroachment, and failed to appreciate English indignation. The well-founded abhorrence with which the Russian dealings towards Poland are regarded has little in common with the sense of national wrong which compelled the Government unwillingly to reject the false interpretation of the fraudulent Vienna Note. If the Turks, under the guidance of Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, had been as complaisant and as imbecile as the English Cabinet, the resentment of the country would long since have discovered some other cause of quarrel with Russia. The war which was designed to punish and restrain the overbearing insolence of NICHOLAS fully accomplished an object which statesmen had long contemplated before a unanimous outburst of national spirit rendered its attainment possible. Since the fall of Sebastopol, and the collapse of Russian military power, English opinion is altogether opposed to any further contest with Russia.

It is true that Lord GREY'S fear of a possible rupture merits serious consideration. Negotiation is always liable to degenerate into angry controversy, and to terminate in disappointment and consequent irritation. Joint diplomacy, conducted in partnership with independent Powers who have their own policy and objects to forward, involves additional embarrassments by restraining the free action of the Government. Austria may have special reasons for desiring the adoption of certain measures in Poland; and it is possible that France may commence negotiations with a full purpose of discovering a pretext for war. The very basis of the discussion is unsound and precarious, as the mediating Powers are attempting to reconcile two belligerents in the absence of the weaker party. If it is uncertain whether the utter refusal of all concession by Russia would not reduce English diplomacy to silence, it is almost equally difficult to anticipate the consequence of an absolute acceptance of the six proposals.

The amnesty must, as Lord GREY argued, be contingent on the termination of the insurrection; Lord RUSSELL admitted that the armistice was almost impracticable; and the Poles themselves profess indifference to the representative government of the Kingdom of Poland, and generally to the enforcement of the terms of the Treaty of Vienna. No complete answer could be furnished to the objections urged by Lord DERBY and Lord GREY; but, on the other hand, the Ministers fairly maintained that it was requisite to do something, and none of their opponents have either recommended total inaction or suggested any alternative project of negotiation. The Government must necessarily be trusted to conduct the diplomatic proceedings with prudence and temper, and, above all, to preserve perfect freedom of action in its relations with Austria and with France. It is evident that at present Lord RUSSELL is as averse to war as Lord GREY or Mr. CORBEN himself.

The only real danger to the maintenance of peace would arise from popular excitement; and the best excuse for negotiation is the possibility that, if all official sympathy had been withheld from Poland, the country might have supplied, with inconvenient energy, the shortcomings of the Government. The partial satisfaction of the national conscience by the proposals which have been addressed to Russia is a better guarantee for peace than any Ministerial pledge. The worst enemies of the cause of peace are the uncompromising partisans of Russia, who, as in 1854, provoke opposition by their servile admiration of despotism and of wrong. The writer of a pamphlet called *The Polish Question, from an English Point of View*, exhibits in the most offensive manner the characteristic peculiarities of the most objectionable form of English Toryism. A partisan who candidly admits that WIELOPOLSKI's conscription was "certainly contrary to our ideas of judicial procedure" deserves, on his own account, little notice from those who still cherish the distinction between right and wrong. His opinions, if they found expression in Parliament or in the serious part of the press, would stimulate the moderate bulk of the community into vehement and perhaps unseasonable denunciation of the wrongs inflicted on Poland. The proposed Congress or Conference may perhaps do little for the relief of the Poles; but indirectly it will serve as a safety-valve to popular indignation. The Government may consequently be well advised in undertaking an enterprise which Lord RUSSELL and his colleagues seem not to regard with sanguine expectations. In the meantime, the Polish insurrection pursues its extraordinary course. The romantic valour of the insurgents, and the touching confidence which unites them to the better portion of their countrymen, appeal to foreign sympathies more forcibly than the ethnological arguments and the doubtful statements of Russian pamphleteers. The Polish claim to the provinces which were seized by Russia in the partitions of the last century is now represented as the selfish demand of an alien aristocracy, settled in the midst of a loyal Russian population. Yet ALEXANDER I. promised to unite these very districts to the Crown of Poland, and all the sovereigns and plenipotentiaries at Vienna assumed throughout the discussion that the Kingdom or Republic, as it existed before 1772, was entirely Polish. The Austrian Government in 1814 formally proposed, through Lord CASTLEREAGH, the re-establishment of Poland within the very limits which it is the object of the present insurrection to resume.

THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

MR. MILLS had probably no desire to obtain a vote from the House of Commons in condemnation of the Indian Council. The machinery of Indian government, though it may have no precedent or parallel, is scarcely so anomalous as the circumstances which have called it into existence. The SECRETARY OF STATE is constitutionally responsible for every administrative act, although, in certain cases, he is required to publish the opposite recommendations of his Council. The objections to the arrangement are founded on the inability of the Councillors to give effect to their opinions; and it is incidentally observed that the exclusion of the ablest retired Indians from Parliament deprives the House of Commons both of valuable information and of moral authority. Mr. MILLS inclined to the opinion that the duties of the Council would be better performed by half a dozen Under-Secretaries; and if the management of business details were the only function of the Council, there would be no sufficient reason for departing from the usual type of official organization. The English Constitution, as it has been developed by modern experience, takes it for granted that every Parliamentary leader

sufficiently understands the duties of every great Ministerial office. His technical deficiencies are supplied by the professional knowledge of the permanent heads of the department, who are supposed to reduce into a regular and practical form the comprehensive decisions of their political chief. The system, like English contrivances in general, answers better than might be expected. The War Office, the Colonial Office, and the Admiralty have been more or less successfully administered by eminent personages who commenced their official career by learning the rudiments of their business. There are always candidates for office who interest themselves in questions of taxation and revenue, and to an industrious member the House of Commons is itself a preparatory school for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Foreign affairs require principally a tolerable knowledge of French, and a habit of reading the newspapers. It is far more necessary that the Foreign Secretary should understand the feeling of the country and of Parliament than that he should be familiar with the intrigues and secret history of the Courts of Europe. Even if it were probable that under a different system the wheels of office would run more smoothly, Parliamentary Government mainly depends on the practice of entrusting the executive government to a Committee of members of the two Houses. An able man will soon master the duties of his special department, and, in the meantime, nine-tenths of his business consist in matters of mere routine.

Constitutional fictions, like other human inventions, may, in extreme cases, be misapplied. Unless Ministers were, like the King of PRUSSIA, divinely inspired, it is scarcely possible that, in default of experience, they should comprehend all the peculiarities of Indian administration. The subject excites so little interest that it is nearly impossible to serve a Parliamentary apprenticeship to the India Office. Lord STANLEY and Sir C. WOOD have almost a monopoly of the special knowledge which is required to baffle the attacks of Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. H. SEYMOUR. When an important principle is involved in an official decision, the House of Commons gives the Minister no assistance; nor can he appeal, like his colleagues, to a public opinion which, as regards his department, is absolutely non-existent. Whatever may be thought of Sir C. WOOD's decisions on Mr. LAING's Budget, or on Lord CANNING's land-law, only the most thorough-going assailants will deny that it was the duty of the SECRETARY OF STATE to form an independent judgment on the acts of the local Government. The questions in dispute were not properly within the competence of Under-Secretaries, who, in the absence of responsibility, are expected to confine themselves to the application of established rules. The Council, consisting almost exclusively of Indian public servants, supplies the kind of knowledge which the Minister requires, and its sanction gives weight to his deliberate resolutions. The official title in some degree affects the nature of the office, for a Councillor or Assessor, though he holds a secondary position, is scarcely expected, like an Under-Secretary, to defer implicitly to the opinion of his chief. When the Judges are summoned to advise the House of Lords, the adoption of their recommendations is altogether discretionary. The law Lords have in some instances disregarded the advice of the majority of Judges, yet it is obvious that the authority of the judgments of the Supreme Court of Appeal is materially increased by the power of consulting the members of the inferior tribunals. The concession to the Indian Council of a veto, or of a substantive vote, would have been at the same time a violent anomaly and an innovation on the practice of more than seventy years. The SECRETARY OF STATE, on the abolition of the double Government, naturally succeeded to more than the former powers of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF CONTROL; and the ultimate decision of all Indian questions is necessarily vested in the Parliamentary Minister, although he may sometimes overrule the unanimous advice of the Council.

Mr. MILLS would, perhaps, have admitted that it would be premature to interrupt an experiment of only five years' standing. The institution of the Indian Council was a kind of compromise, and it was designed to prevent too violent an interruption of historical continuity. The Court of Directors, from which several of the first members of the Council were chosen, had, notwithstanding the obloquy to which it was exposed, performed many useful functions. Although the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF CONTROL had absolute power over the Court through the Secret Committee, the Directors, in virtue of their superior knowledge, were enabled to impose a serious check on the Minister. Their vast patronage, and their position as elected representatives of the proprietors, enabled them, in spite of legal theory, to retain considerable importance, and in ordinary cases to act independently. It was well said by

one of their most eloquent advocates, that though they were exempt neither from jobbery nor from ignorance, they had the great merit of preferring no other public object to the welfare of India. In the midst of the unreasoning clamour which followed the mutiny, it seemed probable that Indian interests might hereafter be systematically sacrificed to the necessities of party. Lord PALMERSTON, with other prominent antagonists of the Company, evidently desired to make the House of Commons, and its organs in the Cabinet, supreme over all Indian matters. The representatives of the English traders in Calcutta exercised great influence over Parliament, and over the political press, and there was reason to fear that the rights and welfare of the native community would be, under the new system, insufficiently protected. The Council enabled the Government to make use of the experience of those who had long governed and defended India, and it interposed a certain impediment or buffer between the Indian Office and the House of Commons. As the Council could not be accused, like the Court of Directors, of impeding the transaction of business, it was likely to be comparatively safe from popular censure. The extent of its power depended mainly on the will of the reigning Secretary of State; but it seemed scarcely possible that, although the office might become a sinecure, it could exercise any injurious influence. If the testimony of Lord STANLEY and Sir C. WOOD may be trusted, it has hitherto answered all the expectations of the Legislature.

The exclusion of the members of the Council from the House of Commons was, on the whole, unavoidable. A Parliamentary official of subordinate rank is precluded from opposing his chief, and if the Councillors were to be restricted from the expression of independent opinion, it was evidently useless and improper to allow them to sit in Parliament. The consequent want of experience and special knowledge in the House itself would be a subject of regret if it were desirable that Indian questions should be frequent subjects of debate. The friends and enemies of the old double Government, like disputants in many other controversies which have been practically settled, find that their hopes and fears have been equally exaggerated. In invoking or in deprecating Parliamentary supervision of Indian affairs, both parties contemplated a result which has never come to pass. Having established its own theoretical supremacy by transferring the dominions of the Company to the Crown, the House of Commons is content to leave the SECRETARY OF STATE, the Council, and the Viceroy, to administer the Government at their discretion. The Minister finds the greatest difficulty in collecting a scanty audience in the dog-days to hear an annual exposition of what may be more conveniently read next morning in the papers; and zealous advocates of dethroned Rajahs are generally interrupted in their exposures of the distant grievance by the discovery that the requisite quorum of members is not forthcoming. In allowing duties which it is incapable of discharging to lapse into a theory or a form, the House of Commons shows the same practical instinct of fitness which enables it to control domestic administration. In former times, Indian debates derived a certain animation from the jealousy with which the extra-Parliamentary powers of the Court of Directors were generally regarded. As some of the Directors had seats in the House, the discussion was actively supported on both sides, with a general inclination to decide against the Company. At present, the only habitual assailants of the Government are the cotton spinners who hold that India was created for the purpose of producing their favourite plant. Amid the utter indifference of the House, the Minister is at liberty to remember that the natives of India have a more direct interest in their own country than even the Lancashire manufacturers. The influence of the Council will generally be exerted rather for the good government of the Eastern Empire than for the supposed benefit of the dominant race.

THE JAPANESE DIFFICULTY.

WE are just at this moment in a position with reference to Japan which will not be altogether unfamiliar to the students of our recent history. The Japanese have broken their treaties, and murdered our countrymen. We are demanding a prompt reparation in the full flush of indignant patriotism. Whatever answer may be made to that demand, or whatever course the Japanese Government may take, the result will probably be to extend the English Empire. If they refuse us reparation, we shall go to war with them; and there is no room for doubt as to the issue of the struggle. We shall force them to a new treaty of a more

ignominious character, annex some favourable situations upon their coast under the name of "building ground for factories," "treaty ports," or the like, and demand of them an indemnity for the expenses of the war, the burden of which will disorganize their Government for years. On the other hand, if their Government grants the reparation, which involves the surrender of Japanese subjects to punishment, and other conditions of a humiliating character, it appears to be very unlikely that the Japanese people will tamely acquiesce in the submission of their rulers. The treaty that was extorted by Lord ELGIN has created civil dissensions which were unknown before; and new concessions to the foreigner will necessarily aggravate their intensity. It will then be open to us to take what part we like in the intestine conflict. Probably we shall support the cause of law and order, and assist the enlightened Government against a reactionary rebellion. The necessity of keeping the rebels at a distance from the English factories will enable us to occupy a considerable territory—perhaps as much as a radius of thirty miles from the treaty ports. By "permitting" our officers to enlist in the service of the Government, it may even come to pass that their army will be commanded by English generals, and their financial departments administered by English civil servants. Is it possible for the mind to conceive a more comfortable and fascinating prospect? We have a righteous cause, an ample grievance, and a tolerable certainty of a good slice of territory, with the possibility of becoming protectors of the whole Japanese Empire. It is seldom that duty and profit march so perfectly together. Few nations have been blessed with that happy combination of easy conquests and easy consciences which has been the peculiar privilege of English policy in the China Seas.

Yet the emotions that have been raised in this country by the distant view of an Anglo-Japanese Empire have not been altogether agreeable. In the first place, there will be the preliminary bill to pay. More millions than Chancellors of the Exchequer care to count, from first to last, have been spent in forcing our trade upon the Chinese; and it will be, by all appearances, a very long time indeed before the profits of our increased traffic will pay interest upon the outlay we have incurred. At present, the most conspicuous result of our intercourse with China has been so to weaken the Government as to give rise to a civil war by which all the springs of commerce are being dried up. Such enterprises were well enough in old days, when there was an East India Company to pay their expenses and watch over their progress. But when the cost falls directly upon the English taxpayer, he scrutinizes the soundness of the investment with a foreboding anxiety. Then there is the doubt whether the other Powers of Europe would look with indifference upon our movements in that quarter. France might not like to see England mistress of the Pacific. Russia might retort that objection to material guarantees which ten years ago was urged with so much vehemence against herself. Such considerations may account for the limited enthusiasm with which the prospect of a Japanese campaign has been welcomed here. It is not that Englishmen in general entertain any doubt as to the immediate course to be pursued. We cannot submit to the ill-treatment of Englishmen, who have been invited by the offered protection of our flag to expose themselves to danger. We cannot allow treaties into which we have solemnly entered to be causelessly and flagrantly broken. We should resist such indignities if they were offered by the strongest European Powers; and therefore we ought to resist them everywhere. But least of all can we submit to them from a people who are imbued with an Asiatic estimate of the motives of those with whom they have to deal. The springs of action of which men are unconscious themselves, they are slow to impute to others. The moderation which arises from a sense of justice is unknown to an Asiatic. He only knows the moderation that springs from fear. Still less would he appreciate the waiver of strict right to which a European might consent from generosity, or from the chivalrous consideration which, among Western nations, the strong are inclined to exhibit towards the weak. To recede in a matter where we have received clear and grievous wrong would only be to draw down upon ourselves fresh outrages, which we should be forced to resent at last.

But this necessity for warlike measures, obvious though it is, is no reply to the dislike with which the approach of another Eastern war is viewed. It still remains to be explained how it is that we have stumbled into that necessity. When your house is on fire it may be requisite before all things to put the fire out; but this disagreeable preliminary in no way precludes you from inquiring why the powder-flask was left too near the kitchen grate. It is perfectly true that if we look only at proxi-

mate causes, we cannot avoid this war. But some lesson is surely to be taught by the fact that we are so frequently under compulsion to commence a righteous war. It cannot be pure accident. There must be some combustibility in the materials in which combustion is so perpetually produced. Repeated experience bears witness to the truth that, if we expose the class who are commonly the pioneers of our commerce to contact with the ancient civilizations of the East, outrage of some kind is pretty sure to be the result. They are not the best representatives of this country; and their very virtues, such as they are, predispose them to a collision with the native rulers. If they were not bold and somewhat reckless, they would not venture into new climates, or speculate in the formation of a new commerce in markets hitherto unknown. The same contempt of consequences that strengthens them to despise the possibilities of bankruptcy emboldens them to insult a native official, and to trample upon native law. But they are sufficiently familiar with the feelings of their fellow-countrymen at home to avoid any act of sheer violence which would deprive them of English sympathy. They are content to show their superiority as Britons by insulting some religious, or social, or political superstition which the natives hold in especial honour. The strongest desire with which they come into the new country is, first, that they should be reimbursed for so doing at the expense of the "damned nigger;" and, in the second place, that the said degraded being shall be made to feel the infinite distance which separates him from the stranger who is pleased to honour him by forcing him to trade. The native, with a pride at least equal to our own, is perfectly prepared to resent this temper of mind. When the quarrel comes at last, the technical blame is sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other; but the real blame of it lies with the policy that brings elements so explosive into contact so close.

It is difficult to understand the contrast between the system we have observed in dealing with the seaboard and in dealing with the interior of the Asiatic Continent. In reference to countries like Thibet or Independent Tartary, which are inaccessible from the sea, we have abandoned the merchant to his own resources. If he can make his presence pleasant to the inhabitants, we leave him to grow rich. If he fails to do so, we do not interpose to save him from the consequences. He trades at his own risk, and must pay the stake if his venture fails. But in dealing with a maritime people, we assume that it is the duty of the English tax-payers, who do not share in the profits of his commerce, to indemnify him against its peculiar risks. The result is, that we are involved in ceaseless quarrels. We extort commercial treaties at the sword's point, which are certain to be broken the moment the fleet is out of sight. We appoint Consuls in semi-barbarous places, who are sure to be insulted, and very possibly to be wounded. We send out, under the protection of our flag, a very heterogeneous mercantile community, who, believing that the whole power of the British Empire is at their backs, take pleasure in displaying an insolence which they would not dare to exhibit at home. If these men were left to win their way to wealth by their aptitude for conciliating native feeling, their demeanour would be very different. Good manners, like everything else, flourish best under the principle of free trade. The treaty, the Consul, the protecting fleet, imposed before a genuine commerce has sprung up, are nothing but an encouragement to insolence, and will always prove, as they have proved in past time, a fertile cause of war.

AMERICA.

THE fate of the Pennsylvanian campaign will depend on the result of the great battles near Gettysburg. The population of the North has not risen in mass to repel the invasion, and, if the main Federal army is driven within the lines of Washington, General LEE may occupy the country, and compel the surrender of the towns at his leisure. After spreading his army over large spaces for the purpose of collecting supplies, General LEE appears to have been ready to concentrate it as soon as he ascertained that General MEADE had crossed the Potomac. The Confederates moved from the North and the West to meet the enemy, who was advancing from Washington, and, as usual, they brought superior numbers to bear on the first Federal detachment which came into action. It appears that General MEADE suffered a serious defeat on the 1st of July, and his troops deserve credit for their readiness to fight a general action on the following day. The total numbers of the Confederates have probably been exaggerated by common rumour; but

their bold resolution of invading the North, and of fighting with their faces to Washington and Richmond, shows their confidence in their superior strength. It must be supposed that their Government has sufficiently provided for the defence of Richmond against the Federal army which is attempting a diversion in the Virginian peninsula. If General DIX and his army are summoned to the aid of General MEADE and to the defence of Washington, the advance into Pennsylvania will already have produced an important result. The partisans of the North have not unreasonably boasted that, notwithstanding their disasters in the field, the Federal troops hold possession of large Southern districts; but if the armies of occupation can be successively drained off by the necessities of the Pennsylvanian campaign, even the journalists of New York will be compelled to abate something of the cheerful complacency which has hitherto been undisturbed by failure and defeat. Down to the eve of the battle of Gettysburg, they continued to assure their fellow-citizens that the condition of affairs was in the highest degree encouraging. According to their ingenious theory, the invasion of the Northern States had been prompted by a knowledge that Vicksburg and Port Hudson were doomed to immediate capture. President DAVIS and General LEE, considering that the Mississippi was finally lost to the Confederacy, resolve in their despair to find, in the capture of Washington, some compensation for the inevitable loss of the States beyond the river; and the Federal instructors congratulate their countrymen on a movement which brings the main army of the enemy within certain reach of destruction or capture. It is still uncertain whether the battle of Gettysburg was sufficiently indecisive to enable New York to congratulate itself on a crowning victory. General LEE has gained a considerable advantage by forcing the Federals to evacuate Harper's Ferry, and to destroy their fortifications on Maryland Heights. A year ago the capture of Harper's Ferry was the principal object of the Confederate advance into Maryland, and the second invasion will not have been altogether fruitless, since it has deprived the enemy of his means of access to the Shenandoah Valley.

If the reported death or capture of General LONGSTREET is confirmed, the misfortune to the Southern cause will far outweigh the loss of three or four Federal Generals, who can easily be replaced. Two of the best Confederate leaders, SIDNEY JOHNSTONE and JACKSON, have already fallen since the commencement of the war. General LONGSTREET has shown himself one of the ablest divisional commanders, and he has hitherto never met with a reverse in the field. The Northern soldiers may fairly pride themselves on their apparent indifference to the constant change of commanders. General HOOKER, both before and after his defeat at the Wilderness, was, according to the statements of the newspaper correspondents, regarded by his troops with unqualified confidence. As soon as the advance of LEE gave him an opportunity of justifying the praises which he had received from himself and his parasites, the fighting General, as he called himself, sent in his resignation, with the candid explanation that his usefulness as a commander was impaired, or, in plain language, that his troops considered him an incapable pretender. General MEADE, who was previously unknown, wisely abstained from the usual flourish of trumpets on assuming the command. He appears thus far to have displayed commendable spirit and activity in marching by the shortest road to attack the enemy. Although he was outgeneralled on the first day, he seems to have held his ground on the 2nd of July; and if General LEE finds himself too weak to repeat the attack, General MEADE will have established a military reputation within a week of his emergence from total obscurity. His defeat would probably force the PRESIDENT at last to employ M'CLELLAN, who has alone, of all the Potomac generals, obtained and deserved the confidence of his army. It has been discovered that General MEADE has the merit of foreign birth, which, according to the Constitution, disqualifies him for the office of President. There is, however, no reason to accuse Mr. LINCOLN of any mean jealousy of a possible successor. He was probably persuaded, by HOOKER and others, that General M'CLELLAN had displayed a want of energy in the Virginian campaign, and he may also have been aware that a Democratic leader would not be disposed to enforce the policy of the Proclamation. If the capital is once more in danger, military considerations will prevail over political scruples, and the best general will be placed at the head of the army.

The most vigorous effort of the Federal armies to distract the attention of the enemy has been made by General ROSENCRANZ in Tennessee. Having probably ascertained that BRAGG had despatched reinforcements both to LEE and to JOHNSTONE, the Federal commander has broken up, from the

position which he has occupied since the battle of Murfreesborough, and he has since advanced with little opposition to the neighbourhood of Tullahoma. As the Federal army lengthens its line of communication, attempts may probably be made to molest its flank and its rear; but it is not expected that BRAGG will make a serious stand until he reaches the fortifications of Chattanooga, on the southern border of Tennessee. While the Confederates are engaged in desperate exertions both in the East and the West, it can scarcely be their interest to risk a decisive conflict in the centre of the great line of operations. General BRAGG probably knows that his opponent must retreat if GRANT is defeated on the Mississippi; and it seems certain that General BANKS will require large reinforcements, which the Government is at present not in a condition to forward by sea. The effect of a temporary occupation of Confederate territory is not easy to appreciate. The Northern commanders are required as they advance to enforce the PRESIDENT's Proclamation, and large numbers of slaves probably profit by the opportunity to escape. Those who remain are, of course, reduced to their former condition on the return of the Confederate troops; and experience has taught them that it is dangerous to rely on the continued protection of the Northern arms. In the early part of the summer, General BANKS traversed, almost without resistance, the rich districts of Western Louisiana, which extend from New Orleans up the right bank of the Mississippi. As, however, he was unable to spare a force to occupy the conquered territory, the Confederates almost immediately resumed possession of the country, and they have since pushed their advantage so far as to threaten the safety of New Orleans. The great body of the negroes who must necessarily have remained in their homes have little reason to congratulate themselves on their momentary liberation. General BANKS can probably secure a retreat on board the flotilla; but unless he takes Port Hudson the whole object of his campaign will have failed. The enemy is approaching from the west to relieve the fortress; and there seems no reason to expect that a third assault will be successful, unless the ammunition of the garrison is exhausted.

According to the latest reports, General JOHNSTONE was in the immediate neighbourhood of Vicksburg, while GRANT was still prosecuting the siege with unflinching resolution. Although it would be absurd to attach any confidence to the boastful anticipations of the Northern press, no enterprise can be regarded as hopeless so long as a competent commander considers it worth while to persevere. With the exception of McCLELLAN, GRANT is the only Federal General who has hitherto displayed any marked ability; and until he is definitively baffled it must be assumed that he has some chance of success. If he is compelled to abandon the undertaking, Vicksburg may be considered almost secure from the risk of any further siege during the remainder of the war. The investment commenced two months ago, under the most favourable circumstances, and the assaults and approaches have been directed against the most vulnerable portion of the works. The army which is at present besieging the place must have suffered largely from casualties and disease, and several of GRANT's regiments are about this time entitled to their discharge. Whatever may be the result of the impending conflict with JOHNSTONE, General GRANT will not be in a condition to continue active hostilities during the latter part of the summer; and if General LEE should win a decisive victory, a large portion of the distant armies will in all probability be called in for the defence of Washington or of Baltimore. The failure of the Pennsylvanian invasion might possibly stir up the North to more vigorous efforts; but the currents of Federal opinion are even more difficult to calculate beforehand than the fortunes of the campaign. At present, the Republicans boast that the enrolment of persons liable to the conscription has been accomplished in the Eastern States without active resistance. There is a considerable difference, however, between the reception of a tax-paper and the payment of the tax; and until the conscription is actually enforced, it is impossible to foresee whether the victims of the ballot will submit to their fate. In the meantime, the State Governments are prudently endeavouring to avert the necessities of a draft, by offering large bounties on re-enlistment to discharged volunteers. The process is complicated by the demand for immediate reinforcements, as the militia regiments have only undertaken to serve for the present emergency. On the whole, it seems probable that the Federal armies will hereafter be constituted on a more moderate scale, and perhaps the designs of the Government may be proportionally contracted.

The abandonment of Mr. ROEBUCK's motion has put an end

for the present year to all Parliamentary discussion on the recognition of the South. Before the beginning of the next Session, the progress of events will probably have superseded much conjectural reasoning on the expediency of interference. It is hardly possible that the desperate efforts of either belligerent can be continued through the remainder of the summer and through the autumn. The military exertions of the Confederates are almost unexampled in history, as they recruit their armies from a population which can scarcely supply a million of fighting men. Their efforts would have been impossible, if they had not been at leisure to devote their whole energies to the war, while the ordinary operations of industry were carried on by the negroes. The invading armies of the North have been raised from a population of twenty millions, but even NAPOLEON, in the height of his power, scarcely brought into the field a larger proportion of the inhabitants of his Empire. The Federal expenditure largely exceeds the prodigal outlay of England in the great war at the beginning of the century, while the revenue is less than a half of that which was raised during the accumulation of five hundred millions of national debt. Before the commencement of 1864 a change in Northern opinion is at least possible, although successive movements in favour of peace have hitherto proved abortive.

THE INDIAN ARMY.

IT is the common theory that life might be made much longer and more enjoyable if men did but live in strict accordance with the known conditions of healthy existence. There is no reason to doubt this fundamental maxim of our sanitary reformers; but it is a strange commentary on the rule to tell that the class of men whose death-rate is most appalling is the very class whose mode of life is regulated for them by an authority which they cannot call in question. In the army, the men live the life that they are made to live, and, if they die much faster than those whose inclinations are wholly unrestrained, the responsibility rests entirely upon the superiors who regulate every circumstance of the soldier's daily existence. Apart from the special risks of war and climate, which are small compared with the other elements of destruction with which the soldier is surrounded, the army ought to be specially exempt from any excess of mortality beyond that which may fairly be set down as the natural rate. The actual results are just the reverse, and the contrast between the soldier's expectation of life and that of an ordinary civilian of the same age is so startling that it is impossible to account for the greater part on any theory that is at all creditable to the management of the army.

Men of the military age die, on an average taken throughout the healthy districts of England, at the rate of eight a year out of every thousand. Taking this to be the natural rate, it is a mere matter of statistics to determine in what degree fatal influences of every kind are aggravated by special circumstances. Put men into the most unhealthy towns in England, and employ them in the most noxious trades, and the death-rate rises from eight to twelve. Let them enlist in the army, and remain in their own country, and the annual number of deaths per thousand rises at once to seventeen—or, rather, did so before the sanitary reforms of the late Lord HERBERT had removed the greater part of the preventable causes of disease. But let the soldier be shipped to India, and we find a rate of mortality which surpasses all that could have been imagined of the deleterious effects of military life in the tropics. Every one knows that, in India, life is exposed to risks which scarcely exist in temperate climates; but, until the appearance of the Report of the Commission which has just concluded its labours, few could have imagined the frightful extent of the evil. The annual rate of mortality of the Royal troops in India, for a period of thirty-nine years, is found to have been seventy per thousand, or nine times the natural rate under healthy conditions. How much of this is due to casualties in war, how much to the effects of climate, and how much to defective sanitary arrangements, are the preliminary questions to which the Commission directed its researches. All our campaigns in India, fierce as they have been, from the Mahratta war down to the Chinese expeditions, account for no more than ten out of these seventy deaths, leaving climate and negligence to explain why sixty soldiers die in India, where eight men of the same age would die in the healthy districts of England. The effects of climate and of neglect are so interwoven, and react so much upon each other, that it is difficult to draw a precise line between them; but the vast amount of uncalled-for sacrifice of life is proved at once by a few simple

statistics, with which the report commences. The civilians in India are scattered all over the country, and exposed to the same climate as the army; the officers of the army suffer under precisely the same influences of locality as the rank and file; and the comparative mortality of these three classes will therefore give a sufficiently near estimate of the preventable destruction which so rapidly sweeps away the flower of the British army. The relative mortality is shown by the following comparison. Four bodies of men of equal strength and age are supposed to consist—the first, of residents in England; the second, of civilians in Madras; the third, of officers; and the fourth, of rank and file in the Indian army. The average deaths in a period of eleven years, as deduced from the tables compiled for the Commission, are these:—Men in England, 3,162; civilians in Madras, 4,699; officers in India, 9,005; rank and file in India, 13,998. If an allowance of one-sixth of the military deaths is made for the casualties of war, the comparison of the three last bodies of men stands, in round numbers, thus:—Civilians lose 4,700, officers 7,500, and rank and file 11,700. The differences of these figures show the excess of mortality to which officers and men are exposed from neglect alone. The whole of this excess is preventable, and not a word should be needed to enforce the paramount duty of discovering and removing the causes of this wholesale slaughter.

The discovery was the task of the Commission, which has laboured for four or five years, and has at length produced a Report which almost exhausts the subject. The removal of the evil rests with the Government, and primarily with Sir CHARLES WOOD. It is a responsibility which no man of ordinary humanity can endure without making the most strenuous efforts to apply a remedy, and we do not think so ill of the SECRETARY OF STATE for INDIA as to suppose it possible that he will dally with a matter of such pressing importance. The aggregate mortality of the troops in India is about 5,000 a year, or nearly 13 men a day. In the opinion of the Commissioners, the mortality need not be more than 1,460 per annum, or 4 men a day. Every day, therefore, which is allowed to pass before a remedy is applied, will see 10 men killed whose lives might have been saved by timely precautions. What these precautions should be it is the main object of the Report to point out, and this is done with an amount of care which has perhaps never before been bestowed on an investigation of the kind. The Commission, it will be remembered, was issued in 1858, at the instance of Lord HERBERT, who became the first chairman, and devoted to the task all the zeal and ability with which he had already investigated the condition of the army at home. After the irreparable loss which the army and the country sustained by Lord HERBERT's death, the chair was taken by Lord STANLEY, and the inquiry was pursued with a persistent energy which was the noblest tribute that could be offered to the memory of the best friend the soldier ever had. The result is a Report which leaves no shadow of excuse for inaction or delay.

As might have been anticipated, the deplorable mortality of the Indian army is traceable to a great variety of independent causes. Climate does much, though the comparisons already referred to show that it is not chargeable with more than a small proportion of the evil. The general condition of Indian towns is tersely summed up in a valuable paper contributed by Miss NIGHTINGALE, in the statement that all the removeable causes of disease which we have nearly got rid of in England exist in their highest state of perfection in an average Indian town. That being the condition of civilian life, it is only necessary to add, that the excessive mortality of the barracks is due to the same causes, aggravated by special evils arising from the ignorance or indifference with which sanitary precautions have been neglected by those to whom the soldiers' welfare and existence are entrusted. We will mention only a few of the special evils which the Commissioners have pointed out. The military stations have been selected without reference to health, often in low, damp, unhealthy positions; the bazaars in the vicinity of the lines are crowded, unventilated, and filthy; the stations themselves are undrained, except by mere surface-gutters; ventilation is obstructed by the bad arrangement of the buildings; barracks are built on the ground, and are so large (the rooms being made for 100 men) as to render it impossible to keep the atmosphere pure; the water for cooking, drinking, and bathing is often impure, and almost always insufficient; the soldier is fed in the hottest weather on a diet which would be suitable in Greenland; exercise and recreation, which are quite as essential in India as

elsewhere, are very scantily provided; and all these predisposing causes of disease are aggravated by the intemperance and debauchery which no effectual means have been employed to check. Add to this, that a much larger proportion of the force is kept in the plains exposed to malaria than strategic exigencies require, and that it is nobody's business to see that the dictates of common sense are applied in the general sanitary arrangements of the army.

Nearly all the injurious influences we have enumerated are proposed to be met by specific remedies, which the Commissioners point out; but even when the mischief is traced and the remedy specified, no substantial good can be done until the responsibility for the health of the army is vested in some body of men, armed with the fullest power for prohibiting the follies to which the mortality of the army is due, and carrying out the alterations which sanitary science suggests. If local and central Boards of Health have been found necessary for the purification of English towns, some organization by which the knowledge acquired on the subject of hygiene may be brought to bear on the Indian army is an essential preliminary to any effectual steps for the prevention of unnecessary disease and death. An executive Commission for the supervision of such matters with reference to the army generally has been the chief agent in carrying out the substantial reforms which have been introduced into the sanitary regulations of the army at home, and perhaps the most essential of all the recommendations of the Report is that a similar supervision should be exercised by officers of health specially appointed for that large portion of the QUEEN'S troops whose lot it is to live in the pestilential barracks of India. Upon this or some similar arrangement, the whole practical value of the Report will probably depend. The mode in which the health of the Indian forces may be brought up to something like its fair and natural standard may be ascertained with all the precision in the world, but, without a hand to execute, the wisest counsel is of no avail. Until the active duties which have so long been neglected are committed to a staff responsible for their performance, nothing substantial can be done, and it now rests mainly with Sir CHARLES WOOD to give effect without delay to the well-digested recommendations which have been pressed upon his attention.

IGNORANCE.

THERE are some sorts of ignorance that are evidently not at all disagreeable to what we will call their possessors. Indeed, pride in knowledge might sometimes seem to have given place to pride in ignorance. We are used to hear men boast of knowing nothing on such and such a subject, of being profoundly ignorant on matters which engage the common attention, and of which most people have a smattering; and we have learnt to understand, by the obtrusive confession, either that the speaker's time has been better engaged, or that Nature, liberal to him in great things, has inflicted on him some slight defect or incapacity separating him from less gifted men by an idiosyncrasy. Or, it may be, he has such high and superior notions of what constitutes knowledge that nothing less than entire mastery, amounting to an exclusive possession, of a subject deserves the name, and that everything short of this is ignorance. Again, there is an honest philosophical ignorance which must be rather pleasant, for it comes of clearness of perception. The very ignorance of certain profound thinkers is impressive, and strikes awe. In fact, there is a form of it that only one of this sort can feel. Owing to the lucidity of his thoughts, the keenness of his apprehension in things which he does understand, he is alive to a strange and startling contrast when by chance he falls on anything that puzzles him. He finds himself pulled up; he is sensible of having arrived at the traditional mill-stone; his reason is consciously at fault, and straightway he lays his finger on the dark spot, and says, "This is ignorance!" In such a confession there can be no shame—in fact, it is not so much he that is ignorant as the human race of which he feels himself the representative. He knows that what man sees he sees, but it is given to him to distinguish with exactness between the light and the obscure; he is agreeably conscious of being, in his own person, a test and gauge of moral powers, a discoverer of the limits of human thought. And if there is satisfaction in these voyages into unfathomable seas, there is another form of ignorance which surely supplies heartier pleasures still. We do not speak of that "Ignorance which is bliss," for this the child is restlessly bent on exchanging for a painful knowledge, but of that form of ignorance which, never being recognised as such, remains a comfortable life-long companion—the ignorance, emphatically, of the vulgar—that "blind and naked ignorance" which

Delivers brawling judgments unashamed
On all things all day long,

because, not knowing one thing more or better than another, and being sustained by indomitable self-reliance, it sincerely mistakes its uniformity of defect for general enlightenment, and trusts its intuitions.

Again, there is feminine ignorance, recognised on all hands for what it really is, yet held in high esteem as an engine of coquetry and as a conscious fascination. A pretty or a charming woman feels herself more pretty and more charming for not knowing anything hard, deep, or recondite. It costs her nothing to disown the slightest acquaintance with the dead languages, or science, or anything that calls for abstract thought. In the opinion of those whose approval she most cares for, she might as well assume Miss Blimber's spectacles as come out in any one of them.

These forms of ignorance are, however, one and all, remote from our present theme, which is that ignorance of which some of us—how many of us!—are conscious, and which is anything but pleasant. We speak of the ignorance of which we make no parade, which is dragged from us against our will, or unwittingly revealed while our good genius is sleeping—which has been with some of us (till time and experience did their work of reassurance) our skeleton in the closet, which any day might bring to light. For, though never wholly got rid of, it is on the hope and sensitiveness of youth that this pain presses most sorely. In those ingenuous days when the memory still tangles with examinations, when we have not ceased to believe in the knowledge of everybody else—when the phrases, "What every schoolboy knows," or "What every schoolboy would be birched for not knowing," seem to mean what they say—then it is that we recognise what a shameful thing it is not to know more. Then to stand convicted before our fellow-men of not knowing certain facts, of having perpetrated some gross blunder in what is assumed to be a common heritage of knowledge, is a blot and a slur, and brings with it a sense of disgrace amounting to dishonour. He has misused a very poignant and memorable sensation who has never blushed in secret at some hideous lapse, nor for its sake desired to hide his head from the accusing light of day, realizing in fancy what the Finger of Scorn must mean. In truth, many a young man, not naturally cruel, has heard with a sense of relief of the expatriation or even death of some witness of his shame—some one before whom, for instance, he has committed himself to an error of some hundred years in a date, or has betrayed confusion about kings and sides in the War of the Roses, or confounded the Vedas with the Sagas, or not known the identity of St. Austin with St. Augustine, or has supposed "It must be so," and the rest of it, to come in somewhere in Hamlet's soliloquy, or that Haydn composed the *Messiah*, or that Tycho Brahe lived before Sanchoniathon, or has laid bare some extraordinary confusion of his mind about eclipses of the moon. Not that he cares about the Vedas or Sanchoniathon, but it is horrible to be thought ignorant of the things that other people know, or are supposed to know, or that he thinks he once did know, only memory let them slip before it had fairly got hold of them. For the poor memory gets all the blame—as if memory were responsible for what the attention never gave it in charge. Treacherous memory, which with so many of us is responsible for our ignorance!—"with creeping crooked pace," grudging, vacillating, uncertain, playing the part of that Ignaro, "foster-father of the giant dead!"

That on his staffs his feeble steps did frame
And guide his weary steps both to and fro,
For his eyesight him failed long ago.
And on his arms a bunch of keys he bore,
The which, unused, rust did over grow;
Those were the keys of every inward door;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

It is certain that in most of us, without any sense of amendment in ourselves, this strong deep disgust at our ignorance passes with youth. We begin to suspect great barren tracts in everybody's range of information. There are not many people who do not betray a blank in some point where we had assumed them to be well informed. Everybody commits himself in turn, not, perhaps, in the way of conventional ignorance, but in ignorance of matters which it is equally a disgrace not to know. For why should what men learn from books and polished society be the only test? Why is it not as dishonourable to have neglected the use of our eyes? A little experience convinces us that culpable ignorance is not confined to the form of it which most vexes the detected soul. The subject takes a more general form, apart from our consciousness, and one which we can contemplate very much at our ease.

It is indeed wonderful how little some people contrive to learn of things that it does not seem easy to help knowing, and it makes general progress the more surprising when we consider how little it has been helped on by the mass of mankind. The great proportion of those that live in towns, and have before them all their lives the processes of building, the distinctions of architecture, the suggestive hum of machinery, the varieties of merchandise, the profusion of markets, are dead and blind not only to all that these things teach, but to what is obtruded on their eyes if it does not immediately concern their own wants and vanities. Nor does the country tell them more. They will not know from what hills the stream that waters their fields has its source, or towards what river it flows, or what counties and villages it passes by. They cannot distinguish the note of the birds that have sung to them since they were born. They have discovered nothing for themselves of the habits of beasts or insects that have haunted their path or forced themselves on their regard from childhood. They do not know the flowers at their feet, nor the outline of the horizon their eye ever rests on. We verily believe that there are a good many highly educated people who could not for the life of them recall the outline of a cow or a sheep without ludicrous blunders.

Why is not all this universal knowledge? Why are the people who notice what comes before them to be marked by a separating name and called naturalists? Why are we ashamed of a failure in what comes to us through books and the costly instrumentality of masters and teachers—why do we blush at any flagrant slip in history, or science, or language—and keep cool and easy under any extravagance of error in what nature, through our own observation, might teach us? There are, no doubt, plenty of answers, still it is a question.

In contemplating the general ignorance, and the popular injustice as to what constitutes reprehensible ignorance, we thus grow less sensitive towards our own. Also, be it added, there are forms of it which inevitably grow upon us. There are a vast number of things which we knew as boys, and have forgotten now, and we perceive that the knowledge and the ignorance are much on a par. It was a knowledge of mere words, an imposture, fertilizing neither heart nor brain; we feel that, if it had entered into either, it would have remained with us; or, being genuine knowledge, though no longer at our fingers' ends, it may yet have done its work, and contributed something to what there is good in us. Unquestionably, the mind that has learnt things and forgotten them is on a wholly different and superior footing to that which has never received the teaching. Thus most things learnt may be intended to be partially forgotten in everything but the training they have given. Cultivation is certainly consistent with a great deal of ignorance, if the constant confession, "I do not know," is to be the criterion.

In another respect too, we learn to take our individual ignorance coolly. We find we can fairly keep it out of sight by a constant exercise of caution, and a sort of involuntary finesse which is itself an education. Society generally is up to the fact that the polite assumption of universal knowledge in all its members is an assumption. No well-bred person will put it to the test. We do now and then come upon a questioner, a self-elected social inspector, who does by society what a malignant school inspector does by a class—lay himself out to find, not what they do know, but what they do not. But society is up in arms, and makes common cause against such disturbers of its smooth equanimity. How differently does the polite example of that *homo nature*, the thoroughly well-informed man, show himself! He takes for granted, not in hypocrisy, but through mere genial good nature, and desire for sympathy, some share of his own gifts in every one he meets. "Everybody knows a little Arabic," we once heard a pleasant man of this sort say in a mixed company, to account for his being able to converse in that language. It was a *bona fide*, though, as it proved, ill-founded assumption, which he would have been very far from putting to the proof, but which gave every one a little flavour of Arabic while the conceit lasted. In the next place, we find that the ignorance of which youth is so sensitive is not the barrier it was supposed to be. The world is not governed by those who know the most, nor is it what men know, but what they do, that determines their place in the world. How much ignorance, for example, is daily displayed by our leading journalists! If, by chance, we happen to have real information on some subject on which their graceful sentences flow so easily, we shall certainly detect error or misstatement—not intentional, but the result of ignorance. The writer is out in some important particulars. There is a general air of familiarity with the subject, of knowing what he is about; but we see that he goes on assumptions for want of knowing the facts. And yet the world would much rather receive its impressions from a man who writes well than from an expert drily up in his one theme; and perhaps wisely, for the ignorance of the practised writer is tempered by large general experience, which preserves him from flagrant blunders, and may, likely enough, assist him to an approach to the truth sufficient for general purposes. We are sure that, with some skilled confident writers of this class, an ignorance which throws them upon their own resources is better for their purpose than half-knowledge—always an uncertain, halting, hesitating guide, which simply puts them off the scent of instinct.

Intense as is the shame of convicted ignorance under certain conditions, there is still a delightful source of relief to the ingenuous mind in a frank confession—in making a clean breast of it, in revealing blanks, smirches, confusions of memory, and even startling deficiencies in the matter of "what everybody knows"—in showing ourselves to some sympathizing hearer (he must be sympathizing) just as we are. But if this self-portraiture is not to our mind, and our ignorance in certain fashionable points of knowledge presses on us, the thing to do is to get up some subject of which we stand a chance of being sole student in our own circle. It matters not how trifling the speciality—if a man only knows something that nobody else knows, the world will respect him. Only be an authority upon beetles, or even seaweeds, and you may have small Latin and less Greek, you may know nothing of literature, and be grossly in the dark on politics, and it may all tend to your honour. If you know absolutely nothing else, how much you must know about beetles! It is a case of concentration of the powers, of force of will, of single aim, of that ardent, indomitable pursuit of knowledge which is passion. And this is, perhaps, only a caricature of the truth—a truth of which, in an age of new sciences and perpetual discoveries, it is a comfort to be reminded—that a wise man must, after all, be content to be ignorant of many things.

ART-PUFFERY.

IN the first article of the first number of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, we find an historical sketch of the present position of the English School. Mr. T. Taylor's practical purpose in this paper is to point out that, without wise and liberal patronage of a quasi-public order, the severer and nobler forms of painting are not likely to take their due place in this country. This leads him to a description of the great speculative picture-dealers of the day, on whom he thus expresses himself:—

The old-established aristocratic publishing-houses [amongst which we had certainly been hitherto in the habit of reckoning Messrs. Graves, the purchasers of Mr. Frith's "Railway Station"] have no chance against these busy traders, with their blunt, pushing ways, and their fluent canvassers, their large connexion in the manufacturing districts, and their mastery of all the arts of publicity, advertisement, exhibition-room, newspaper notice, puff printed and puff oral. . . . What pleases the eye, speaks to some feeling or fashion of the time, . . . is here in demand. We believe this to be a great, grievous, and growing evil.

Leaving Messrs. Gambart, Flatou, and others to defend themselves, as these gentlemen without difficulty may, against the uncomplimentary portrait which Mr. Taylor has sketched of them, and waiving for the present any intention to follow him into the theories set forth on "high" or "historical" art, we wish here to pursue into a little more detail the line of thought indicated in the above quotation, and to illustrate it by the most conspicuous instance of art-puffery which has hitherto fallen under our notice. The work which we shall review began its career last season; but it has been the main example of its class during this year, and will, no doubt, be sent on its course of advertisement through the country, accompanied by its medium of the "puff printed" and the "puff oral." It therefore does not seem to us too late, in the interests of English art, to enter our protest against it.

The general ways of the picture-selling business, as described above, do not in themselves appear to us open to the censure implied in Mr. Taylor's criticism. That the dealer should try to obtain a work likely to please much and to please many, is only to say that he, for his legitimate purposes, follows the same end as the art he patronizes. The painter's business, like the poet's, might be described in similar terms. That the purchaser should then do his best to make his bargain known to the world—that he should hire a central room, illuminate it with a colossal placard, keep an active young fellow to explain the picture, and finally send it on its travels, from Shanghai to California if he likes (except for the risk)—are all aids and appliances to his commercial success so obvious and natural that we are at a loss to comprehend why they should be made the subject of quasi-satirical description. In every one of these measures the dealer is simply submitting his wares to public inspection. Even when he collects the praises which independent judges have given to his purchase, or states the amount laid out, there is nothing yet which, in itself, is more than a legitimate advertisement. The nearest approach to the "puff," in the objectionable sense almost inherent in the monosyllable, is when the dealer employs some more or less skilful or popular pen to describe the work. But even this, viewed in the abstract, can only be questionable because the writer, in such a position, is exposed to a certain risk of forfeiting independence of judgment, and compromising whatever position he may hold as a critic on art. For the spectators have always the opportunity of comparing the praise with the picture; and if they are informed, for instance, as one newspaper last year informed us, that "Mr. Frith is helping to do for our time what Hogarth did for his," they can test the validity of the criticism (should the process be needful) at the National Gallery. All these contrivances, in fact, are just as applicable to a good picture as to a bad one; they may serve to teach multitudes to revere a Raffaele or to reject a Haydon; in any case, they are but natural and legitimate appliances of the intellectual and physical civilization of the century to disseminate knowledge of art.

Yet, as in medicine we are accustomed to draw a line between the advertisements of a Bell and the puffs of a Holloway, and to consider quacks a nuisance to the world, so, in the lesser world of art, we are disposed to recognise a strong element of truth in Mr. Taylor's criticism. There is a "great, grievous, and growing evil," in the modern system. This is when it is employed to corrupt and lower public taste by puffing into notoriety a really inferior and flashy picture. The difference between the injurious puff and the useful advertisement lies simply in the quality of the wares. It cannot be quite fairly asked that the dealer should be aware that the work is of inferior quality. His own purchase can rarely be directed otherwise than by the consideration of what will sell. We may legitimately regret that his choice should not also, in all cases, be directed by better judgment. But, when it is made, we must only complain if he has been misled by those whose function it is to direct public taste, and we must hold them primarily responsible for the harm done, without quarrelling with him for advertising his work by methods suitable to set forth any picture, of whatever merit—be the merit as wide apart as that which, in the old days, separated Michael Angelo from Bronzino, or Mr. Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," in our own time, as we venture to think, from Mr. Frith's "Railway Station."

We have selected the last picture as our typical instance of the "great, grievous, and growing evil," not because (although quite markedly inferior to Mr. Frith's "Ramsgate" from its attempting so much more) it is essentially a worse work of art than others

which have been, and are likely to be, promoted to the same honours of art-puffery, but because it is the latest, and, in our judgment, hitherto the most pronounced example of the kind which Mr. Taylor denounces. And, in analysing it, we must begin with an expression of sincere regret that the work whose notoriety calls for notice should happen also to be one in which the author of the Essay we have noticed is himself not free from the responsibility of cooperation with the "busy traders" who have had its exploitation. At least, a Handbook, which no doubt expresses his convictions on the peculiar merits of the picture, but cannot, we imagine, be pronounced worthy of the author's reputation, bears his name, and is sold within the exhibition-room. Such a description might, of course, have been made a little work of art in itself by the good taste, sobriety, and elegance of its language. To take the first three names which occur, we remember "word-pictures," as the modern phrase is, by Reynolds, Shelley, and Ruskin, which go far in rivalry with the works which they describe. But then these great writers were not in the invidious position of composing an advertisement for a "busy trader." It would not be fair to submit to literary criticism a pamphlet written in such constrained and confusing circumstances; nor, indeed, should we have noticed it, if this Handbook had not been responsible, to the extent of whatever influence the writer's name carries with it, for the commercial success of the speculation, besides affording (so far as our memory goes) a very marked novelty in that "mastery of all the arts of publicity and puff" to the evils of which, when wielded in favour of low art, Mr. Taylor now bears satisfactory witness. Extracts from reviews presumed to be independent have been, of course, always, and very fairly, employed as engines of advertisement. High-coloured eulogies of the work exhibited, in terms strictly true to none but the best works of the best masters—"the composition not less thoroughly understood than the execution consummate"—with lavish commendation of all parties concerned, have been also known; but such laudations have hitherto betrayed what we must venture to call their proper origin, and have taken place with the literary efforts of the poet of Messrs. Moses, or the essayist on the *Corsaletto*. That appearances seem now, more or less, to number in these ranks the biographer of Haydon and of Leslie (it is hardly needful to add) is, in the interests both of literature and of art, a matter of no light regret—a regret proportioned to the place that the writer holds in popular estimate, and to the consequent force of an example for which we trust Mr. Taylor's latest essay may be intended, and accepted, as an act of timely repentance.

Meanwhile, it is easier to confer an unmerited crown than to disenchant the public from the glitter of the tinsel. A very able contemporary analysis of the "Railway Station," after characterizing the picture, on grounds which we will presently state, as a "poor affair," prophesied that every kind of popularity-hunting device would be adopted "to make the work a screaming success—screaming as a railway-whistle." The immense sum (said to be 20,000*l.*) for which the business has been since disposed of, proves the correctness of the prophecy, and will be appealed to to disprove the correctness of the criticism. It is, by itself, just as strong a proof of real goodness as the twenty thousand copies of Montgomery's *Satan*, or the hundred thousand and odd of Mr. Tupper's *Philosophy*. All we learn from it, is, that a hit has been made. Deducting from this what may be due to the engineering of the "busy trader," there is, of course, even as in the case of the poets just named, some substantial ground for popularity. The subject, though really an unfavourable one for Art, from its difficulty, has a telling air. The picture is executed with a certain natty precision; the incidents are, in themselves, fairly well-selected and clearly set forth; and "easy things to understand" is written on every square inch of the canvas. Add to this Mr. Frith's well-known dexterity of style and respectable mastery over drawing on a photographic scale, and we have many elements, not of success simply, but of legitimate success. Yet we do not think it difficult to give clear reasons for the verdict above quoted, on grounds unimpeachable by the maxim *de gustibus*, or by the distinction, on which too much stress is often laid, between Art "high" and "low," "historical" and "domestic."

We have said that the subject, though telling at first sight, is essentially unfavourable for art from its difficulty. This difficulty lies, not in the every-day and common quality of the scene, but in the fact that a railway terminus, though so frequent a theatre for deeply-felt meeting and parting, is not associated in our minds with those events in their deeply-felt aspects. It is, first and foremost, a place of discomfort, from which every one's impulse is to be gone without delay. Thus it could, we think, only be successfully grappled with by a painter who, like Gainsborough, was able to throw an air of life, and grace, and dignity, over high and low, and to give the whole a charm of colour and execution which might atone for the moral disagreeableness of the situation; or who, like Hogarth, could stamp the scene with one broad and ineffaceable quality of human passion. Now to the former, or ornamental, mode of conception it is hardly needful to say that Mr. Frith makes no pretension. His colour is dry and chalky; there is neither air nor motion in the figures—nothing of the indescribable flutter and mobility which a good artist manages to give; we feel quite comfortable about every one's legs, however the truck in the middle may be pushed; whilst, again, the figures are almost all deficient in style and gracefulness. We appeal to the memory of visitors whether there is one truly ladylike or gentlemanlike person in the whole series—whether a painful look of would-be fine people, dressy and demonstrative, does not pervade groups several

of which are obviously meant to belong to "good society." The bridegroom and the paterfamilias, in particular, savour unmistakably of the snob. Even mere details fail in just those qualities in which a painter *par excellence* would show his skill. The carriage windows want glass, the roof of the shed has a dismal monotony, quite untrue to the fine play of light and shadow with which unwearied Nature adorns even that unlovely structure. There is no tone in the distance, no atmosphere between the groups. They are simply divided by differences in decision of handling—the circumstance to which, we imagine, in common with the artist's other works, they owe the air of being petty models, rather than life size drawn to a small scale. But there is no need to insist on these things. The work appeals to us, not as ornamental or pictorially delightful, but as Hogarthian. There is, in fact, no saying how far it may not go:—

It belongs to the art dignified among ourselves by such names as Wilkie and Hogarth, and graced by the inimitable skill of Teniers, De Hooghe, Jan Steen, &c. Such art may be, to the utmost, familiar without being vulgar. Besides its range—the command of all the humours, callings, oddities, occupations, sorrows, and enjoyments of life—it may subserve the best purposes of morality, may inculcate immortal lessons in forms that once seen are never forgotten, may consecrate the sweetest and tenderest affections, and waken into endless vibrations those chords of common humanity which stir to every true touch in all of us.

After this eloquent passage (which, indeed, branches out presently into "Shakspeare's comedies," "Milton's noble tractates," and much beside), it is a sad anticlimax to read, "amongst those who have wrought in this field [the field of Hogarth, Jan Steen, Shakspeare, and Milton!], few have a right to be named with more honour than Mr. FRITH, and of all he has done, this, his latest work is, beyond all comparison, the masterpiece." This recalls us to business, and we must try how far the "Railway Station" conforms to the lofty standard by which we are thus called on to judge it.

Now here, as we noticed above, we are warranted by all *a priori* considerations and examples, whether in painting or in analogous arts, in requiring, as the main fundamental quality, unity of feeling throughout the work. It would be wasting words to insist on a rule which is older and even more true than Aristotle. It may be more to the purpose to point out that, in the great works so rashly called to our remembrance by the pamphlet, we shall never find unity of feeling absent. Take such a picture as Hogarth's "March to Finchley," which we quote as tolerably familiar, and as not unlike in the parting-scene character of its subject. Not a line in this but bears, not upon departure generally, but on the "Guards' Departure," from the famous triple group in the foreground to the very cats on the housetop—not a figure but is conscious of the pressure of life in its neighbour, pushing, animated, or despairing, as such a crowd must be. Mr. Frith, though the invention shown is of a tame and commonplace order, has selected his incidents with care and skill, but we fail to trace any sort of connexion between them. The melodramatic arrest of the forger to the (spectator's) right not only passes absolutely unseen by the bridal group six feet off, but produces no impression whatever on the passengers in the same carriage—nay, even on the guard who holds the door open! The foreigner who is disputing with a cabman, the old lady bustling after her luggage, the children of the school party, even the girl with a dog, are in their turn totally unmoved by the tears, smiles, and radiant finery of the wedding party fresh from St. George's. The sailor and the soldier, the volunteer and the sportsman, are equally isolated creatures. They are often, individually, fairly successful representations of a quasi-photographic character, but they are each in a world of his own. We submit that this is neither true to nature nor to art, at least as art was understood by the Hogarths, Wilkies, Jan Steens, and others enumerated. The picture is not "brought together" by prevailing *tone* (as in Rembrandt), nor by prevailing *grace* (as in Stothard), nor by prevailing *humour* (as in Wilkie), nor by prevailing *passion* (as in Hogarth). In a word, we have many parts, but the whole is wanting.

There are, however, works in every sphere of art—music, poetry, and painting—which, failing in this first and most essential quality, cannot rate amongst masterpieces, yet have merit enough in details and portions to take a good place amongst human efforts. It is in this region that we must look, if anywhere, for the vaunted excellence of the "Railway Station." And here Mr. Frith's cleverness and observation have served him to some purpose. The episode of the forger, indeed, verges far on the repulsive in its aim at the tragic. But his female companion is simply and truthfully rendered. The foreigner and the sailor are also well imagined; and the groups generally, though without inter-relation, are clearly and unaffectedly distributed. We miss, however, the strong stamp of individuality which (like the grand portraits in Masaccio's frescoes) might have atoned for the absence of dramatic unity in the whole. The heads are almost everywhere of that ordinary type which neither arrests us in the street nor on the canvas. Wanting, as we have observed, in refinement or dignity, they appear to us wanting also in the firmness and force of portraiture. Whilst we know the men and women of an artist like Hogarth as though we had lived with them, we should not recognise the people here next day. This is the difference between the art which renders dresses and externals, and the art which paints the man.

This want of power, which we trace in the absence of unity of theme, and in the failure of individual details, naturally makes itself felt in the sentiment of the picture, even when looked at as a succession of separate groups not animated by common dramatic

purpose. We venture to pronounce the "Railway Station" of a prosaic and low type of art, not because it deals with common life instead of saints or heroes, but because it deals with common life in a common-place way, and feebly attempts to elevate it, not by tragic force or humorous incident, but by melodrama and sentimentalism. Nothing but that intense truth of individual character or high sense of the ludicrous to which we find here but a scanty approach, would render a fussy old lady, a cab-fare-perplexed foreigner, or women distressed for their lapdog, other than prosaic or vulgar. Nothing but exquisite elegance and taste could take a fashionable wedding-party into a sphere of art above that of the *Book of Beauty*, and this has neither taste nor elegance, but is altogether second-rate and poor in idea and detail. Nothing but intense force and tragic penetration could render the arrest of a fraudulent clerk by two head detectives other than repulsive, especially when represented, as here, without that dramatic suggestion of the man's career which Hogarth would have been careful to give. Thus the work seems to resolve itself, with all the manipulative dexterity and knack in composition to which we have endeavoured to do justice, into a succession of such scenes as we find in the third-rate novels of the day. It is emphatically a poor thing—an appeal to the vulgar mind, in whatever sphere of society. When these things are done quietly, they need offend no one. But when claptrap art is advertised and puffed into a "screaming success," and made the groundwork for similar dealings with the next sensation-picture (to treat the subject of which we can hardly imagine an artist less qualified than Mr. Frith), the case almost calls for Mr. Taylor's severity of language. So far as the prospects of English art and of the modest unadvertising artists are concerned, the position to which this and similar works has been promoted, is "a great, grievous, and growing evil."

DIPLOMATIC FETTERS.

IT seems to be the hard fate of diplomatists that they can never either speak exactly as they think or go really to the bottom of anything. To be "diplomatic" about anything has become a proverbial expression for being something which, if not exactly insincere, is certainly not exactly straightforward. And this is precisely the position of the diplomatist. It is by no means necessary that he should be consciously insincere, or, indeed, insincere at all; and yet it is quite impossible for him to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Diplomacy is, of course, not the only form of public, or even private, life which puts a man under this sort of necessity. There are many other positions besides that of a negotiator with foreign Powers, in which it is almost impossible that a man's speech, or letter, or handbill, should be a real index to the state of his mind. The confessions of faith of candidates on the hustings, the Parliamentary attacks made by men in opposition, the answers to them made by men in office, are all apt to carry with them a certain leaven of insincerity. But, in these cases, though the insincerity is very common, it is not absolutely required by the nature of the case. It is perfectly possible that, in all the three cases just put, the speaker may be thoroughly sincere in every word that he says. Some lucky chance may enable him to say exactly what he thinks, and all that he thinks, with no insincere addition, and no insincere reservation. And, again, in these three cases, so far as there is conscious insincerity, it is insincerity which hopes to deceive its audience; so far as it is seen through, it fails to answer its purpose. The insincerity of diplomacy differs in both these respects. It is involved in the nature of the case, and in many instances there is no intention of deceit about it. The insincerity is patent on the surface; it almost stiffens into a formula, like calling yourself a man's obedient servant. It is a sort of necessary official insincerity, which it is wholly impossible to avoid, except by giving up the practice of diplomatic intercourse altogether.

Take, for instance, our present diplomatic intervention with Russia on behalf of Poland. It is as sincere, and perhaps as likely to be effectual, as any intervention of the kind can be. It expresses the undoubtedly sincere wishes of the English Government and people that the condition of Poland may be improved in some way or other. It will probably be as effectual as any intervention can be which it is not intended to follow up by war. A professedly civilized Power cannot afford wholly to despise the judgments of other civilized Powers, and Russia is now told, in as plain language as diplomacy allows, what is the judgment of England as to the Russian treatment of Poland. A moral appeal of this kind undoubtedly has its weight and its value. If it does nothing else, it relieves the national conscience on a matter on which it is a national duty to speak; and not a national duty to do more than speak. And the suggestions which it contains are, in one sense, not wholly unpractical. If the stipulations of the Vienna Treaty and the Charter of Alexander I. were to be faithfully carried out, it is certain that matters would be much better than they have been for the last thirty, or even forty, years. The sum of human happiness would certainly be increased if part of Poland had a tolerable government, instead of all Poland having an intolerable one. In all these points the intervention is all that it should be. And yet its thorough hollowness is palpable at the first glance. Englishmen, Russians, Poles, must all see through it alike. The English Minister recommends all that his position allows him to recommend, and yet he and all concerned must know that, if all his recommendations were fully carried out, they would at most be but a momentary

palliative. Every one who looks at the plain facts of the case must know that what the Poles want is not good government at the hands of Russia, but complete separation from Russia. And no one can doubt that, as soon as such separation was brought about—as soon as an independent Polish State existed—the Poles who are now subjects of Prussia and Austria would clamour for annexation to such independent Polish State. The case is exactly analogous to the state of things in South-eastern Europe. The Thessalian Greeks do not want improvement in the Turkish local administration; the Servians do not want improvement in the exercise of Turkish suzerain rights; what both Thessalians and Servians want is to get rid of the Turks altogether. The Ionian Greeks, again, even though the change will be in some respects to their disadvantage, clamour for annexation to the Greek kingdom, exactly as the Poles of Posen and Galicia would be sure to clamour for annexation to an independent Polish Kingdom. It is certain that to grant a half independence to the modern kingdom of Poland would simply increase the discontent of those Poles whose lot is cast beyond its artificial boundaries. Nor would it in the least diminish the likelihood of revolt within the half-free Kingdom itself. All experience shows that nations are more apt to revolt, and they certainly revolt with more prospect of success, not when their affairs are in the very worst state, but when they are somewhat better. The Greeks did not revolt when they were in the darkest days of their bondage, but when the yoke was considerably lightened by the remission of the tribute of children, and in other ways. And the parts of Greece which were foremost in the war were precisely those which enjoyed the greatest amount of local freedom. The truth is, that it is sometimes possible to crush a nation so completely that it cannot stir at all; but as soon as it is given some degree of independence, it will infallibly begin to demand a greater degree. Serbia, a vassal State more than half independent, is a far more dangerous enemy to Turkey than Bulgaria, which is kept in complete subjection. So a half-independent kingdom of Poland, governed, let us suppose, well, but governed by Russia, would soon be again craving for a more perfect national existence, and would draw the other kindred provinces, Russian, Prussian, and Austrian, along with it in the demand.

It is impossible to believe that professed diplomatists do not see all these things as clearly as other people. But their tongues are tied by the necessities of their position. They are obliged to suggest something; but they are equally hindered from suggesting the only measures which can be effectual. They are obliged to recommend a course which they know, and which they know that every one else knows, to be a wretched compromise. In writing to a friendly Power, with no intention of breaking through friendly relations, they can appeal only to those authorities which are held binding on both sides. They cannot appeal to their own notions of justice or expediency, but only to the written text of treaties. We may hold it desirable that the Confederate States of America should form an independent Republic; but we cannot, unless we are prepared for war, claim their recognition by the Government at Washington. The text of treaties knows nothing about the Confederate States, and stipulates nothing for them. The text of treaties, again, stipulates nothing for Lithuania and Volhynia; diplomacy knows nothing of them except as portions of the Russian Empire. Their good or bad administration is, as far as any Foreign Office can know, a purely internal business of the Russian Government. But the text of treaties does stipulate something for the Kingdom of Poland. For the Kingdom of Poland, then, the Powers who signed those treaties have a right to demand whatever those treaties stipulate. Those treaties stipulate for a government of the Kingdom of Poland of a very different kind from that which has prevailed for a whole generation. But they no less distinctly require that the King of Poland shall be no other than the Emperor of All the Russias for the time being. All, then, that we can diplomatically demand is that the present King of Poland shall govern his Polish Kingdom somewhat better. But what the Poles demand is not that the King of Poland shall govern Poland better, but that he shall cease to be King of Poland at all, and even cease to be "Emperor" of more than one on the list of "All the Russias." Now at all this it is clear that we cannot diplomatically even hint. It is certainly a hard fate to be morally obliged to say something, and yet to be unable to say the only thing that we mean, and the only thing that is worth saying, unless we are prepared to say it with arms in our hands.

All this suggests some reflexions as to the analogies of international dealings with proceedings under ordinary law on the one hand, and with the intercourse of society on the other. International law is so far like ordinary law that a diplomatic remonstrance, like a lawsuit, appeals to the text of certain written documents. But it differs from ordinary law in not providing any common superior to decide with authority between the disputants, and to carry its decisions into effect. In this last respect, International Law rather resembles the social code of etiquette, especially in those days when the duel was tolerated. A diplomatic remonstrance is an appeal to the moral sense of the Power to which it is addressed. If it be fruitless, we may either take the insult patiently, or we may diplomatically cut the offender, as we once cut Ferdinand of Naples, or we may appeal to arms, as our fathers appealed to their pistols, and our more remote ancestors to their rapiers. International differences are much like individual differences in societies where law is weak, or on those points which law

cannot touch. In both cases, it seldom happens that, if we wish to retain friendly relations, we can openly say all that we mean. In both cases, we must be guilty of the courteous insincerity of professing to believe in the best possible motives on the part of the other disputant, even when in our hearts we believe in the very worst. We must stick to the Parliamentary euphemism of "misunderstanding," when we know very well that the right word would be "misrepresentation." This, like many other things in the world, is a proof of human imperfection. A perfect saint would probably make a bad diplomatist; but this sort of official insincerity would seem to be the necessary price to be paid for keeping up any sort of ordinary intercourse with foreign nations at all.

We have spoken throughout of diplomatic intercourse as it is commonly carried on between equals—that is, as it ought to be carried on between any two Powers whatsoever. All Powers are not of equal strength, but all independent Powers are equal in rank, as possessing equal sovereign rights. To adopt a different tone to a weak Power from what we should adopt to a strong one is a breach of international courtesy, much like reminding a man of any inferiority of rank in the ordinary intercourse of society. It may be necessary to speak unpleasant truths either to Russia or to Denmark, but Denmark is, for all diplomatic purposes, to be treated as an equal just as much as Russia is. To veil a real superiority when its display would be offensive is just the sort of insincerity which is most pardonable.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

THE supreme difficulty in the achievement of a successful dinner-party is commonly thought, and with justice, to lie in the judicious assortment of the male and female guests. There are some houses where this difficulty is always surmounted, and there are others where it is as uniformly fatal. No small portion of the anguish generally characteristic of the ten minutes before the announcement of dinner may be traced to this source, and a man can scarcely enjoy much tranquillity at a moment when he is anticipating his doom in the shape of a contemptuous dowager or an obviously insipid miss. The want of judgment displayed on these so-called festive occasions by a reckless or superficial-minded host is one of the gravest of social offences. People reasonably feel that they have a right to demand at least as much trouble from their entertainer as is bestowed by the proprietor of a happy family on the fitting accommodation of his *protégés*. If Mr. Wombwell had placed the pelican of the wilderness in the same cage with the lion, or the bear from the North Pole with the tiger from Bengal, the result in itself would have been an adequate punishment for his temerity or folly. Unhappily, it is not practicable to inflict a well-deserved vengeance upon the man who has condemned you to a penal servitude of some three hours with a feeble being who takes interest in nothing under the sun, and whom no topic can rouse into decent animation. The mental state of the victim, when first consigned to the tender mercies of a vapid partner, is a compound of the two most agonizing feelings recorded in the history of Robinson Crusoe—his desolation when he saw ships sail by in the offing unobscured of his signals, and his profound horror on first perceiving the preparations for the repast of the cannibals. The purgatory which awaits him is mournfully familiar to the diner-out. There are a few social salamanders who regard the ordeal with equanimity, and who pass through it with a curiously intrepid self-possession; but, to most people, this companionship, into which a hospitable fiend has forced them, is a source of genuine distress. And this is aggravated by the consciousness that there are others to whom "the cup has been dealt in another measure." Somebody whom you know to be sprightly and appreciative has been told off with somebody else whom you know to be dull and egotistical. Mr. Snodgrass is directed to offer his arm to Becky Sharp, while Warrington is made over to "Mr. F.'s aunt," who makes oracular and detached statements, such as that "her uncle George's mill was burnt down," or "there's milestones on the Dover road." If the intelligent man is harassed by the vapid woman, not less provoked is the clever woman by a flippant man. Everything goes wrong, and the whole affair collapses in a mixture of surly despair and quiet resignation, simply because the guests were not properly sorted, the fool with the fool, and the clever woman with the clever man, each after their kind.

Poets have often compared life to a banquet, and, in truth, the companionships of life are frequently not less incongruous than those of a banquet; but there is one consideration which must manifestly overthrow any argument drawn from one to the other. The most tedious dinner-party with which inhuman host ever vexed the souls of human guests never failed to come to an end. The principle of assortment which ensures success in unions for two or three hours may be less applicable to others which last ten or twenty times as many years. The popular notion, however, seems to be that it is equally appropriate in either case. There can be no doubt that at a dinner-party the most delightful partner for a clever man is a clever woman; and people are generally inclined to think that the clever woman will be equally delightful to him at his own table all the year round. Theoretically, this appears to be the sound view. When a thoughtful or learned man mates himself with a gushing creature without two ideas in her head, it is natural to exclaim, how much happier he would have been with somebody as learned and

laborious as himself. Or when a refined and sentimental friend, full of generous schemes and airy aspirations, marries a woman who proves "a good wife to him"—in other words, who looks carefully after his children and his shirt-buttons—it is reasonable to sigh over his unworthy fate. Or the object of sympathy may be a man who takes an eager interest and an active part in public affairs, but whose wife is like the "cold, silly female fool" mentioned by De Tocqueville, who ran out of the room whenever Bonaparte came in, "because he was always talking his tiresome politics." All these appear at the first glance to be sheer matrimonial mistakes. It is the wearisome dinner-party over again, only with the material difference that the dessert never comes and the ladies never withdraw. But our pity for these seemingly ill-mated couples may, after all, be wholly unnecessary. Is it, as a matter of fact, generally to be desired that all the clever men should pair off with all the clever women, and leave the dullards and that large section which is neither dull nor clever to act on the same principle? History does not much help us. There have been illustrious men who found bliss in wives of their own mental stature; but there have been as many others who got on admirably well with fools; and, lastly, there has been a brilliant class who preferred to eschew female alliances altogether. Some few have enjoyed the good fortune of David Copperfield, and, being providentially relieved of the fool, have rushed into the arms of common sense. But from the nature of the case this must be a rare privilege, and when you have once made the silly Dora your own, it is too much to expect that a timely consumption will prevent her from long continuing so, in order that you may turn experience to account by marrying Agnes.

A clever man, like anybody else, may marry a clever woman, a merely sensible woman, a fool, or an echo. Of these four varieties of wives, the last is unquestionably the least to be coveted. Habitual fractiousness is a decided drawback in the partner of one's joys, and flippancy or frivolity is not always congenial; but neither a fractious woman nor a flippant woman can do a husband any serious harm, though they may be exceedingly unpleasant at the time. It is different when he awakes to find himself married to his shadow—to a woman who may have been accomplished and even slightly thoughtful, but who is so weakly endowed with individuality that before they have been married three months she has sunk into a mere echo of himself. Originally, perhaps, she was able to pronounce opinions worth listening to, and which he was glad to have, but all her powers have fled before his superiority like a badly fixed photograph before the sun. From being a stimulant she has degenerated into a sheer absorbent. He married in the hopes of finding a sort of "guide, philosopher, and friend," and discovers that, after all, he has only doubled himself. Once she might have been to him, in Mr. Tennyson's words, "as water is to wine," and the result of the combination bears a natural resemblance to their detestable compound—negus. The fact is that a clever man, more than all others, requires a slightly acidulous element in his companion. All clever men are more or less infected with vanity. It may be blatant and offensive, it may be excessive, but not unamusing, or it may show itself just as a bare *soufflé*, but it is never entirely absent, and needs to be counteracted by something much more potent than a hot and sugary intellectual negus. A clever husband, like the good despot, will be all the better for a little constitutional opposition. If his most constant companion is ever flattering, ever kind, his natural share of self-love is sure to grow both unhealthily large in quantity, and unworthily little in quality. The height of domestic felicity would not probably be attained by a man whose wife could set him right in a Greek quotation, or oppose his views about Hebrew points, or thwart him in his theory of the origin of evil; but still less where he is never treated to an occasional dose of wholesome and vigorous dissent, and is allowed to make assertions and advance opinions without fear of criticism or chance of opposition. Solitude tends to make a man think a great deal too highly of himself, but this *quasi*-solitude is still worse, where he only sees his own mental shadow and hears his own mental echo. Of course, in many marriages, the wife is no more a companion to her husband than his housekeeper or his cook; and there may be no more genuine intercourse between them than is implied by two men going into partnership in business. In such cases mental qualities are not of much importance. A head equal to the arithmetic of weekly bills, and a heart that does not quail before the emergencies of the nursery, are amply sufficient to answer all purposes. But where a man makes a companion of his wife, the variety of woman that he selects palpably makes a great difference, not solely in external comfort, but in maintaining the vigour of his own character.

It is remarkable that the conditions which prevent a man from ever appearing a hero to his valet should not operate equally in the case of his wife. He probably has less insight into his wife's foibles than her maid, because what it is the fashion to call the "inner life" of woman is like her apparel, infinitely more complex than that of the ordinary run of men. But a wife, although she does not shave him, and brushes neither his hair nor his clothes, generally knows more of her husband's character than his valet, and the domestic hero-worship flourishes notwithstanding. A dull blockhead, who is notorious among his acquaintances for stupidity and folly, appears to his faithful spouse an archangel in the home. And with a clever man the case is far worse, for the blockhead, in spite of the enfolding fumes of domestic incense, never quite loses the suspicion that other men think him a fool, and that his wife is rather a fool for thinking him anything else. But a clever

man does not, to begin with, underrate his own powers; and, conscious that there is some foundation for the conjugal idolatry, he magnifies this foundation into something like ten thousand times its actual dimensions. If his wife is clever, too, the ill is aggravated still further, and he exaggerates his intellect to a still greater extent on a kind of *laudari ab laudato* principle. A clever man will really find it worth while to reflect whether it is not better for him to marry a downright fool than a mere petticoated edition of himself, unrevised and uncorrected, with all the original flaws faithfully reproduced.

Mr. Disraeli dedicated *Sybil* to "the most severe of critics, but—a perfect wife." Perhaps the "but" might be appropriately replaced by "because." At least, no wife is perfect who cannot be a severe critic upon occasion. To a very clever man perhaps it is the most considerable of her functions. If his cleverness lies in the region of romance or poetry, and more especially if he loves to air it in public, it is difficult to conceive a more thoroughly useful domestic institution than a sternly critical wife. Hence it may be argued that the clever man must pair off with the clever woman, for otherwise how should she be competent to criticize him? Unless he selects somebody as good as himself, the only criticism he is likely to encounter will come in the form of Caudle lectures or Naggleton wrangles. But this is just the same sort of mistake as people make who sneer at journalists for reviewing books they could not write, or commenting upon campaigns they could not have conducted. The fallacy has been so frequently refuted in the latter case that we need scarcely repeat the arguments against its employment in the former. A woman may be quite unable to originate, and yet very competent to pass an intelligent judgment upon what has been originated by somebody else in whom she is interested. However, it is obviously as impossible to generalize about the sort of woman whom clever men would do well to marry as it would be to prescribe what kind of things clever men should eat for dinner. Some would be happiest with babies like poor Harriet Shelley, the chief source of whose nuptial joy was that "the house had such a nice garden for her and Percy to play in." Others, like Voltaire or D'Alembert, would be better pleased with women like Madame du Chatelet or Mdle. L'Espinasse, who could solve abstruse astronomical problems, and write treatises on fluxions. Perhaps the majority of clever men are well contented with wives as like mothers as possible. But if it is impossible to lay down any more definite rule, the clever man may at all events be warned to marry somebody else, and not himself in another form.

PHILANDERING PHILANTHROPY.

WHENEVER the Chancellor of the Exchequer renews his scathing attack on charitable endowments, we hope he may be induced to include in his invective those spasmodic and ephemeral efforts of benevolence known as Bazaars. Not one of the small charities, the abuse of which Mr. Gladstone so eloquently denounced, has a more demoralizing effect on the habits of the neighbourhood than these philanthropic undertakings tend to produce upon the minds and manners of the young ladies who take part in them. The vices which cluster round them are not exactly identical with those which charitable bequests are said to develop; but, in their way, they are no less real and serious. A dole of money fosters idleness and drunkenness among the labouring population of a neighbourhood. A bazaar is open to the objection of promoting giddiness and a bold unladylike demeanour among its fair frequenters. The sturdy beggar of the village pothouse does not more offend against the principles of political economy than the sturdy beggar of the fancy fair does against the canons of good taste. If the former is a confirmed toper, the latter is an arrant flirt. In the interest, therefore, of the public morals, it is to be hoped that in any future project for taxing charities, the bazaars may not be omitted. A duty on this form of fashionable philanthropy would be a legitimate means of adding to the revenue, and of imposing a check on a species of enterprise which is found to be highly detrimental to the morals of the most interesting class of the community.

Let us not be misunderstood. With the object of a bazaar, when that object is to build a school or an infirmary, or to afford relief to unfortunates smitten with incurable disease, we have the fullest sympathy. What fate can be harder than to lie long days and nights, racked by pain or tossing in fever, without perhaps a friend or relative to smoothe the pillow or moisten the parched lip—to be but an atom in a mass of surrounding suffering, an indoor patient, the occupier of a bed, and nothing more? He must have a heart of steel who can pass through a hospital ward without a thrill of the deepest compassion. It is a sight to sober the most thoughtless among the dainty and luxurious mob of pleasure-hunters which the London season annually brings together. To relieve the sick is woman's special mission. When, therefore, a bazaar is announced under the patronage of a host of great ladies, it must be taken to be merely the expression, in a very exalted quarter, of an irrepressible desire to succour the afflicted. It is gratifying to learn that even a peeress feels the generous impulses of a true woman. One is puzzled, however, how to connect the ordinary operations of a bazaar with any part of the recognised offices of a ministering angel. If it is a work of real charity, it is certainly very oddly disguised. A cynic might be a little sceptical as to the heart-felt zeal

of the pretty stallkeepers in the cause of which they are the practical advocates. To him the whole affair would seem a mere excuse for wearing smart clothes and making eyes at the men. He would see in it nothing but a mammoth flirtation, or an organized conspiracy to obtain money on false pretences—the false pretence in this case being that certain young ladies, glittering in all the colours of the rainbow, have a special interest in the condition of certain phthisical, dropsical, paralytic, apoplectic, rheumatic, blind, maimed, or idiotic persons, the inmates of some charitable institution in want of funds. He would not fail to note that their most touching appeals in behalf of their unhappy clients are invariably made to any handsome young men with whom they are acquainted—that this is the only class they care to proselytize, or to inspire with their own enthusiasm in the cause of the distressed. If he were very ill-natured, he might conclude from this that, so far as they were concerned, the bazaar was a mere feint, under cover of which they were pushing forward certain private projects of their own, only imitating in this strategy greater tacticians than themselves, who mask their serious operations under a pretended movement. And if to cynicism he united a somewhat vivid fancy, he might conjure up the vision of another bazaar, presided over, not by reigning beauties and ancient coquettes, but by the great luminaries of the religious world—say the Bench of Bishops, and chief pastors of all denominations—and having for its object, not the relief of physical sickness, but the adoption of moral remedies for the incurably volatile, the incurably frivolous, or the incurable flirts. Instead of crinoline, the rustle of lawn sleeves would be heard behind the counter. The central stall would be held by Dr. Longley, assisted by a bevy of attendant suffragans. From another, Dr. Baring would dispense, at a fancy price, his denunciations of an infidel press, while in a third would be found Dr. Wigram, driving a roaring trade by the sale of his latest anathema against cricket, farmers, and beads. In a pious work with so broad an aim, even Dr. Colenso might find a corner, and might go through his celebrated feat of demolishing Moses by the aid of a Zulu, at a shilling a head the performance. Dr. Cumming would appear as the clerical Zadkiel, while to Mr. Spurgeon, of course, would be allotted the task that was so kindly undertaken at a recent fancy fair by a party of theatrical amateurs—of parading the premises in the garb of a clown, and inviting the company to walk in and witness his last new specimen of Tabernacular buffoonery. With so many and varied attractions, the enterprise could not fail to be a success, and might be the prelude to some salutary action in behalf of that other kind of incurable of whom we have spoken.

Probably no human undertaking exhibits a more curious mixture of motives than a bazaar. To any one of an analytical turn it offers a great deal of instructive and suggestive matter. It may be said to draw its life from a threefold source. Three very different classes of persons coalesce in getting it up. It originates with some one or more of the patrons or supporters of a charitable institution, and is usually traceable in some way or other to a Ladies' Committee. Some member of the female Board is suddenly visited by a great idea—Suppose we open a new ward for the Permanent Stutterers? The spark catches, and in a moment the meeting is in a blaze with sympathy, from the motherly dowager who presides to the active old maid who organizes. When funds are to be raised, the female intellect instinctively prefers a bazaar to any other machinery. The movement thus receives its first impulse from charitably disposed persons, really interested in a philanthropic object. And at about that point the reality of the undertaking ends. From this point it passes into the hands of a motley crew, drawn one-half from the religious, the other from the fashionable, world, few of whom feel the slightest interest in its success. There are two classes who rush into the business of a bazaar with peculiar zest. The first consists of persons who pique themselves on an indifference to pleasure for pleasure's sake, but who relish it keenly when flavoured with a *soupeon* of cant. These are the people who would not for worlds go to the play, but who chuckle complacently over the inimitable "Mrs. Roseleaf's Evening Party," who think it a sin to hear Titiens in *Norma*, but are edified by Mr. Santley's appearance in the character of the Prophet Elijah. These are the ladies who affect to be transcendental, and pronounce everything either "real" or "unreal." These are the strong-minded women who despise the weakness of their sex, but find, for all that, something soothing, and even improving, in the spiritual manipulations of a pet preacher. To a bazaar, in a word, flocks all that is prudish, and censorious, and Pecksniffian in the land. And there it finds itself cheek by jowl with all which it most pretends to frown upon—namely, all that is giddy, and worldly, and frivolous. Our social butterflies are the second class of persons whose co-operation is indispensable in an enterprise of this kind. To the young dandy it offers the attraction of a pleasant lounge, while to young ladies who are not fastidious it holds out the prospect of a perfect saturnalia of flirtation. The badinage of last night's ball can be resumed with still more piquancy over the counter, and the novel relation of vendor and purchaser is provocative, of course, of tender confidences. To the gay world a bazaar is merely a fête; to heir-hunters, a crafty means of approaching their shy game; to mothers, an opportunity for hawking about their marketable daughters; to daughters, a welcome escape from the surveillance of their chaperons. It is well that we have the comforting thought to fall back upon that charity covers a multitude of sins.

We have a few words to say about one or two other details of management. A crowning absurdity is introduced when, as is sometimes the case, the goods for sale at a bazaar do not belong outright to the fair speculators, but are sold merely on commission. We see no reason why a company of fine ladies should band themselves together to become the agents of certain West-end shopkeepers. To be a medium for advertisements is never quite a lady's employment; but when it comes to putting a handsome profit into the pockets of fashionable jewellers and florists, the whole character of the proceedings is altered. It is not so much aiding a charity as bringing custom to a few privileged tradesmen. Apart from its bad economy, we object to this innovation on grounds of taste also. There was something pretty in the thought that all the accumulated treasure was the work of fairy fingers, exerting their ingenuity in a good cause. Of this touching little bit of sentiment we are now deprived. Another suggestion we will venture to make—the young ladies who hold stalls should keep to their post. Very unbusiness-like habits, to say the least, are encouraged by their erratic propensity. It is darkly whispered that, at one of the most brilliant bazaars held in this recent season of bazaars, so little attention was paid to business that, in one stall at least, no account was kept of the receipts, and a considerable deficit had consequently to be made good to some gringing purveyor of perishable wares. But this may have been a calumny.

We have spoken our mind the more freely, because we are convinced that the Bazaar is an institution which will survive any amount of criticism. It will continue while woman continues. There will always be a set of fair Jesuits to hold that the end justifies the means. There will always be people in whose view a round sum of money is a sufficient answer to all objections. We cannot agree with these utilitarians. It is not fair to benefit one class at the risk of demoralizing another. Hospitals and infirmaries ought to have some other aid to rely upon than the love of flirting, dress, and dissipation incident to the female bosom. They should add new wings or wards, without, at the same time, adding to the number of fast young ladies. As for the latter, we wish they could be brought to see that a bazaar is for them a somewhat hazardous experiment. It is just possible that they may act their assumed part with so much lifelike effect that in future it may be difficult for their male acquaintance to dissociate their image from that of a pretty barmaid, or a pert milliner's apprentice; and this would be very dreadful.

CATO AT CREMORNE.

NO doubt the man in the parable, who was so sorely scandalized at the mote in his brother's eye, was a very virtuous man—virtuous, that is, in a single department of morals. And so we are also a virtuous people, only the virtue is apt to take special and narrow ranges in matters of social duty. Cremorne Gardens are a British institution, and all British institutions are, by the force of the definition, moral and creditable, and exhibit a certain respectability almost verging on piety. Cremorne Gardens succeeded to Vauxhall, and Vauxhall succeeded to Ranelagh, and great lords and ladies used to go to Ranelagh. Ranelagh was a resort of bag-wigs, and swords, and modest folk; and so was Vauxhall for a time. But Vauxhall degenerated into a low resort of suburban impudicity, and Cremorne stood in its stead. Since that time, respectability has come to a compromise with the devil, the world, and the flesh. The reign of the demi-monde has become acclimatized. We have heard of the Jardin Mabille, and we have got a very fair imitation of it in Cremorne. We are far from saying that Cremorne, or the like of Cremorne, can be suppressed in the neighbourhood of a great and luxurious capital. But it must be admitted to be a debatable land between vice and virtue. The Muses, some of them, resort there, but with loosened zones. Venus and her nymphs certainly find themselves at home in that Paphos of Chelsea. Very likely very many most respectable men and virtuous women enter its bowers; but these are days in which respectability and virtue like to know something of the manner of life of those whose chastity and virtue are at least problematical. The language, manners, and dress of the horse-breaking sisterhood are subjects of inquiry, if not of imitation, in the most irreproachable drawing-rooms; and a few years ago an attempt was made, though "for this night only," to see whether aristocracy could not go a-masqueing at Cremorne, in the haunts of Comus and Aphrodite Pandemos. It argues, therefore, but little for Cremorne to say that it is frequented by respectability. The fact is, that it is frequented by something which is not respectability. We are far from saying that non-respectability should have no recreation and amusement. Vice there will always be, and the ministers and servants of vice need not always present even vice in its filthiest and worst aspects. At least this is urged as the apology for those Continental pleasure-gardens on which Cremorne is undoubtedly modelled. Vice, we have been told, loses half its evil by putting off all its grossness. The morality of this moral sentiment has been questioned, and we are not going to decide on its truth; but the best apology for Cremorne is to take it for what it is. Directly it is represented as an ethical and educational institution, a sort of moral home for the ingenious youth of London—as soon as we are told that its director is discharging a responsible duty to society in prosecuting the young men who made, or were present at, the row on the Oaks night—our gorge rises. This impudent hypocrisy must be denounced.

We have no intention to salute Mr. E. T. Smith, the lessee and director of Cremorne, as a guardian of public morality.

Mr. Smith must know what constitutes the mainstay of his treasury, and who form the bulk of his customers. If his income *non olet*, we do not intend to discuss the savouriness of his profits. He has a calling, which is to be the lessee of Cremorne, and caterer for the frequenters of Cremorne. That calling is one which may be lawful, and honourable, and expedient in Mr. Smith's eyes; but he must take it with all its consequences. One of those consequences is, that Mr. Smith seems to be precluded from the office of guardian of public virtue, protector of morality, and defender and champion of all that is peaceful, refined, and ennobled and ennobling. One does not expect to find a publican speaking at a teetotal anniversary, or a tobaccoist among Dean Close's congregation, or Madame Elise writing tracts against vanity in female attire. On the occasion of the recent prosecution, Mr. Smith presented himself in the attitude of a public benefactor. Such a function entails serious responsibilities on those who undertake it. If Cremorne is to be made the home of all the virtues, it must be remodelled. It is not because it may be a dubious haunt of virtue that it must therefore be given up to breaches of the peace. It is a place of public resort, and places of public resort, even of a more questionable character than Cremorne, must not be allowed to be scenes of riot and violence. We make no objection to the resolution, however tardily come to, of putting an end to the annual riot in the Epsom week. But what we do object to is the imposing, not to say impertinent, position which Mr. Smith thinks proper to take in the matter. If his rôle is to make Cremorne a handmaid to the religious societies, well and good. It is never too late to mend. Mr. Smith's very varied career, and his manifold experiences as a public benefactor, would appropriately culminate in his coming out as a Home Missionary. The different speculations in which he has made a name, and perhaps a fortune, would be fitly crowned by turning Cremorne into a Tabernacle. But Mr. Smith cannot serve God and Mammon. From the austere preacher of righteousness which he seems to be, according to his counsel's description, we have to expect more or less than what he gives us—more of moral and religious practice if he relinquishes Cremorne, less of moral and religious profession if he retains those groves of Armida.

As to the particular incident which has given Mr. Smith the opportunity of appearing in a new character, the Cremorne riot on the Oaks night was silly and absurd enough; and we may add that it was disgraceful to all concerned in it. There was a row, as there has been an annual row for years past; but, though rows may become perennial, they may grow beyond toleration pitch. There is an institution somewhat akin to it—the saturnalia at an Oxford Commemoration. But then the actors in it are gentlemen, and it occurs in the morning, and the guardians of order are not exactly Mr. E. T. Smiths, and their presence restrains the fun within tolerable limits, and prevents excesses. We cannot help thinking that, had Mr. Smith made it known with less of ostentation that he meant the Epsom week no longer to be signalized by the customary frolic, he would have been more successful. It is quite plain that he took every precaution to get somebody taken into custody; indeed, such was his foresight that he provided himself not only with a strong body of police, but with his friend, who is on the free list of Cremorne—that remarkable gentleman who happened to be present “with his lady,” who happened to be somebody else's wife. It was by no means wrong in Mr. Smith to resolve that his property should not be smashed, but we are not sure that the object might not have been attained by simpler means. And, after all, the case is not altogether clear. There is a considerable conflict in the evidence, not only as to the identity of the prisoners, but as to the share they took in the row. We say row, for the disturbance certainly did not amount to a legal riot; for there was no proof that the prisoners were even known to each other, much less that they had conspired to get up a riot. What the young men did was to begin, or to help in, a disturbance which, however foolish and mischievous, had a sort of license from usage and prescription. No doubt they went in the hope to see a row—to help in it, perhaps, if not to get it up; and many people will think that this is sufficient to render them deserving of the punishment they received. What common sense will say is, that they got into a row for the pure love of sport, and that many more of the frequenters of Cremorne on that particular night went with the same sort of intention—not to commence a riot, but for the fun of seeing it, careless, perhaps, about getting mixed up in it. The substantial justice of the case would have been met by an adjudication at a police court, not by this solemn indictment for conspiracy and riot. Foolish young men they seem, all of them; but when we remember what the Mohocks of a past century and the bloods and Corinthians of the present century were, we may almost congratulate ourselves that Mr. Herbert and his associates have so little which amounts to more than silly mischief to charge themselves with. And as to the outraged nerves and fainting susceptibilities of the fair and fastidious frequenters of Cremorne on the Oaks' night, we may ask what did they expect to find? If Cremorne is on any night—not to speak of the Epsom nights—the home of only temperance, sobriety, chastity, and purity, then we can quite understand that the outbreak was as unexpected and unusual as would be the entrance of a set of nigger minstrels into a Quakers' meeting. But if this is hardly a correct description of Cremorne, we cannot think that the offence

of the young gentlemen who have been convicted was at all aggravated by the shock given to the fragile nerves of the other frequenters of the Gardens.

As for Mr. E. T. Smith, a noble future awaits him. He has already been saluted as an “energetic public servant.” He has but to persevere in his new vocation. His free list will of course be weeded; and, if he lives to see another Derby night, what if, in the interests of public order, he were to close his gardens altogether? It would save him something in police, and would be a sacrifice quite as real, though less ostentatious, than recommending Mr. Herbert and his co-defendants to “the merciful consideration of the Court.”

THE PRESS AND THE BENCH.

THE anxious care with which the press of this country has, in modern times, avoided everything calculated to bring the administration of justice into contempt is one of the most creditable features of English journalism. Judicial misconduct, when it occurs, is undoubtedly a proper subject for grave comment on the part of the press; but no newspaper is justified in flinging accusations at the Bench, without first ascertaining beyond a doubt that there is some foundation for them. This elementary canon of journalism has been lately violated by one of our contemporaries, who has poured forth a torrent of invective against one of the Vice-Chancellors, in a tone which would, to say no more, have been in the worst possible taste even if the decision complained of had been open to criticism. Unfortunately, however, for the newspaper, it did so happen that the course taken by Vice-Chancellor Stuart was not only right in itself, but so absolutely prescribed by the immemorial practice of the Court as to leave a judge without any option in the matter.

The history of the case, to which the *Daily Telegraph* has given all the publicity in its power, may be stated very briefly. Many years ago, Lord Vernon formed a connexion with an Italian lady, by whom he had four daughters. On the eve of his marriage, he made a provision for his former mistress and her children, which, however little it might atone for the wrong he had done her, was probably as liberal as she herself could have desired. An annuity of 1,000*l.* a year was vested in trustees to be paid to the lady for the support of herself and the children until they should marry or attain the age of twenty-one. Each daughter, on her marriage or majority, was to take 100*l.* a year, and the rest of the annuity was then to be paid to the mother for her own benefit. A condition was attached to the gift, that the mother should maintain her daughters to the satisfaction of the trustees, who were empowered to stop the annuity altogether or in part at their discretion, in case they should not be satisfied with the manner in which the children were brought up. The lady afterwards married the Count della Seta, but the union appears not to have been a happy one, the Countess having, at the time when the matter came before the Court of Chancery, been living for a long time apart from her husband. The annuity of 1,000*l.* a year had been regularly paid to the Countess della Seta from 1852, when the settlement was made, for a period of about ten years, when the three surviving daughters—who were still under age—for reasons which it is not necessary to discuss, thought themselves compelled to leave their mother's house, and ultimately took refuge with the trustees, by whom they had since been maintained. The trustees made inquiries, by which they satisfied themselves (whether rightly or wrongly) that the children ought not to be left under the guardianship of their mother, and that the case had arisen under which they were bound, in the exercise of their discretion, to stop, wholly or in part, the payment of the annuity to the Countess. In order to place the children under the protection of the Court of Chancery, a bill had been filed in their names at the instance of Lord Vernon, praying that the trusts of the settlement might be carried out under the direction of the Court, and that proper guardians might be appointed for the children. Notwithstanding the existence of this suit, another bill was filed by the Countess in her own name and in that of her children, in which substantially the same relief was sought—the Countess, however, claiming to have the greater part of the annuity paid to her, notwithstanding the removal of the children from her care.

The first active step in the litigation was taken by the Countess, who applied for an allowance out of the annuity, pending the Chancery proceedings. Immediately on the opening of the case, it was suggested on the part of Lord Vernon, and insisted on by the counsel for his infant daughters, that the hearing should be in private, lest the future well-being of the children should be compromised by the disclosures to which the litigation threatened to lead. On the part of the Countess, this demand was not very cheerfully acquiesced in, but it would seem that a kind of reluctant assent was given. Such consent, however, was wholly immaterial, it having been the invariable practice of the Court of Chancery, from which the Vice-Chancellor had no authority to depart, always to hear a case in private if desired on the part of infants, wards of Court, who might be compromised by a public discussion. That the rule has saved many innocent girls from scandals which would have ruined their hopes in life, will be generally thought a sufficient vindication of its wisdom; but whether the rule be right or wrong, it is the settled practice of the Court of Chancery, and Vice-Chancellor Stuart, in directing the hearing to be in private, was merely granting a request which he had no power to refuse.

In utter ignorance of the real nature of the proceeding, the *Daily Telegraph*, after dragging before the public as much of the story as it could pick up, proceeded to denounce what it called "the first attempt at a new system of private investigation," and more than insinuated that the private hearing was a privilege conceded to the station of Lord Vernon by "the mistaken partiality of a Court of Justice." A charge more ridiculously unfounded could scarcely have been made. So far from an unusual privilege having been conceded to Lord Vernon, the concession, if it could be so called, was made to wards of the Court who, in accordance with invariable practice, could claim it, and did claim it, as a right. But apart from this, the absurdity of selecting Sir John Stuart as the man to be charged with a want of honour and high feeling makes the libel almost too comical for serious rebuke. We may expect soon to be regaled with an article denouncing Lord Palmerston for his notorious dulness, or charging Lord Shaftesbury with excessive affection for the Pope.

To return to the history of this famous cause. The result of the private hearing, as was subsequently stated in open Court, was that the Court, though satisfied that it had no power to control the discretion of the trustees, pressed upon Lord Vernon's counsel the propriety of making the Countess an interim allowance of 400*l.* a year, for humanity's sake, and an order to that effect was thereupon consented to. It was further arranged that certain portions of the evidence which were likely, if published, to be prejudicial to the interests of the children, should not be read, and on that understanding the objection on the part of the infants to a public hearing was withdrawn, and the proceedings were accordingly continued in open Court. That, on the re-opening of the discussion, the Vice-Chancellor should have expressed, without the slightest reserve, the indignation which he felt at the conduct of a portion of the press, is not much to be wondered at, though it may be regretted that the matter was not treated with silent contempt. A judge inspired by the most righteous indignation has but a poor chance of maintaining his dignity when those around him are trying to goad him into saying something which, however true, may not be quite appropriate from the Bench. The altercation which ensued gave the *Daily Telegraph* an opportunity for an article still more offensive than the first, winding up with the insolent assertion that the Vice-Chancellor had conceded the point (which he had not done and had no power to do) after having "braved our admonition until he found it must be obeyed." For the credit of the press, we must protest against such counterfeit thunder as this.

But the matter was not allowed to rest here. At the next sitting of the Court, the Vice-Chancellor announced that he had received a letter signed in the name of Lord Vernon, which was so gross a contempt of the Court that he could not believe it to be genuine. On inspection, Lord Vernon's solicitor pronounced it a forgery, and the Vice-Chancellor, for reasons sufficiently obvious, left it in his possession. On this our contemporary returns to the charge, and after coolly suggesting that the forged letter ought to have been thrown aside without notice (a suggestion which the forger would no doubt cordially endorse), renews its attack on what it calls a burlesque of law and a parody of justice. In this its latest article, it repeats the absurd blunder of the first accusation, that a special privilege had been accorded to an aristocratic delinquent, and, with an audacity which is great in its way, boasts of having "maintained a great principle and hindered the perpetration of a great injustice;" the fact being that it had maintained an assertion made first in gross ignorance and persisted in after the clearest refutation, and that it had hindered nothing—not even, as it fortunately happened, the suppression of the worst features of the scandal which it was so eager to print. All that occurred was that suitors who, as infant wards, were entitled to a private hearing, claimed it, and had it granted, and that the same suitors afterwards waived the privilege on the condition that the objectionable evidence should not be read. Our contemporary had nothing whatever to do with the publicity of the later hearing, and the Judge was so bound by the practice of the Court that he had himself scarcely any more voice in the matter, either on the first or the second occasion. In each step, as between the parties to the litigation, the decision that was given was almost a matter of necessity; and except in allowing himself to be provoked into comments which would have been better left to suggest themselves, there is nothing in the whole course of the Judge's proceedings to invite criticism, still less to justify or palliate vituperation. The final issue of the hearing affords, perhaps, the best commentary on the slashing articles of the imitation Jupiter. The Countess submitted to have the trustees of the settlement appointed interim guardians of the children; the allowance of 400*l.* a year was not increased as had been claimed, for the obvious reason that the Court could not compel the trustees to make any allowance at all under the circumstances of the case, and that even the 400*l.* could only be taken by consent; and finally, as a just retribution on those who had improperly made the infants plaintiffs in the second unnecessary suit, their names were directed to be struck out, and the gentleman who figured as their next friend was ordered to pay the costs. The case was eminently one in which it was the interest of every one to avoid litigation, and, above all, publicity; and however anxious some journals may be to add sensation cases from the Court of Chancery to the choice collection supplied by the Court of Divorce, we fear that their desire will not be gratified in any case in which the prospects or the reputation of infants under the protection of the Court would be endangered by publication.

In conclusion, let us give a word of advice to the cheap newspapers. If they persist in Americanizing our press by making it the vehicle of such calumnies as have been aimed at a judge whose integrity needs no vindication, they may do an amount of injury, not to those whom they assail, but to their readers and themselves, which no after repentance will atone for. If, on the other hand, they learn to accept the self-imposed restraints to which the English press owes its reputation throughout the world, there is scarcely any limit to the good which they may do by extending to a lower stratum of society the habits of calm and dispassionate judgment which distinguish, as a rule, the educated classes and the older portion of the press. A newspaper of large circulation, whether sold for a high or low price, cannot be without a vast influence of some kind. It may become an intolerable nuisance, as has been too often exemplified across the Atlantic; or it may be one of the most beneficial engines that can be employed in the training of national character. The *Daily Telegraph* will probably before long discover that it is poor policy to exchange the great career which is really open to it for the sort of popularity which it may perhaps win, among some classes of its readers, by flinging dirt at the Bench, and slandering one of the most honourable men that ever breathed.

EPPING FOREST.

DWELLERS in the East of London will hear with natural but unavailing sorrow that they are likely to be improved out of their immemorial privilege of rambling at pleasure over Epping Forest. The popular as well as the legal side of this question has been considered by a Committee of the House of Commons, and it is to be feared that the Report of that Committee will give the death-blow to a custom which was already struggling against many difficulties. It is, perhaps, surprising that there should have existed for so long a time, within easy reach of a vast city, what really deserved to be called a forest. At this moment, it is believed that there are a few wild deer still remaining to justify the ancient name, but it cannot be long before the breed will be utterly extinct. The sylvan character of the scenery, which is so dear to many a dweller in crowded, noisy London, will of course perish along with the deer. It is, indeed, proposed to dedicate certain lots of land to what is called public recreation; and it has been argued that, as the majority of excursionists are not in the habit of wandering from the neighbourhood of their hampers and tea-kettles, the contemplated arrangements will provide ample space for the accustomed picnics. It might just as reasonably be contended that, as many visitors to Richmond Park only walk a short distance into it while their dinner is getting ready at one of the hotels, therefore the public would sustain no damage if the more remote parts of the park were brought under the plough. The dense population of the East of London will suffer a real and serious injury when Epping Forest is enclosed; but it is not unreasonable to say that, if London wants a play-ground, London is rich enough to pay for it. There are rights of property in Epping Forest which those who own them cannot be expected to surrender for the public good. It is probably an inevitable conclusion that this forest must be enclosed, and, if so, it is idle to attempt to disguise the magnitude of the loss to holiday-makers by telling them that, when all is done, there will be as much land left open as many of them care to walk over.

This Report traces the history of Waltham Forest, which anciently comprised a large portion of the county of Essex, and was divided into two parts called respectively Hainault and Epping Forests. The forest of Hainault was represented about twelve years ago by four thousand acres of unenclosed land, which have been enclosed, cleared of timber, and divided between the Crown and the parishes which had common rights over the forest, under an Act of Parliament passed in 1851. The result of this operation is stated to be that the Crown now possesses a compact estate of about 1,900 acres, and producing a rental of 4,000*l.* a year, in place of a revenue, irregular and difficult to collect, of about 500*l.* a year. If this profitable operation has abridged the pleasant rambles of Londoners over Waltham Forest, that is only the usual progress of civilization. There still remains that part of Waltham Forest which is called Epping, consisting of about 7,000 acres, more or less encumbered with cultivation and building, but still to a great extent available for the purposes of the holiday-maker; and it seems to have been hoped that the House of Commons might be persuaded to interfere with the process by which the holiday-maker's borders are becoming every year more straitened. But it is the opinion of the Committee to whom the question was referred, that this interference is inexpedient, and that the march of improvement must go on unchecked. In order to understand the reasoning of the Committee, it should be explained that the Crown does not claim any right of soil or timber within Epping Forest. The Crown possesses only the forestal rights, which consist of the deer, and herbage for them, and the power to enforce what is called a fence month, during which period the whole of the commoners' stock is removed from the Forest. The Crown also possessed the right to all wild beasts, and it was formerly represented by an imposing staff of officers, such as warden, deputy-warden, verderers, foresters, and rangers; but at the present time the wild beasts are quite extinct, and the officers and the deer nearly so. The office of warden is hereditary in the family of the Earl of Mornington. The

verderers were elected by the freeholders of Essex, and the office was formerly contested with as much ardour as the representation of the county. There is at present only one verderer, and as two are necessary to form a Court, this ancient and honourable office has fallen into abeyance, and is likely soon to become a mere tradition of that bygone time when the citizens of London held glorious summer holidays in Epping Forest. The value of these forestal rights, which produced nothing to the revenues of the Crown, has been that they contributed to keep in a state of wild forest a considerable space of ground in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, which has been a source of health and recreation of which the loss will be grievously lamented. However, the sale of these forestal rights to lords of manors and other owners of the soil has been proceeding ever since 1793, and it would have proceeded to the disafforestation of the entire forest, if what may be called the popular, as opposed to the legal side of the question had not been pressed strongly upon the House of Commons. The Committee appointed to consider the question in both aspects have reported that they had before them two alternatives. One course was to discontinue the sale of the forestal rights of the Crown, and to maintain those rights vigilantly for the purpose of preventing all future enclosures, so as to preserve the forest in its present extent and wild unenclosed condition. The other course would be, to obtain the sanction of Parliament for the enclosure of the remaining portion of the forest, to ascertain the rights of the several parties interested, and to make provision, partly by these means, and partly by purchase, for securing an adequate portion of the forest "for those purposes of health and recreation for which it had been proved to the Committee that this forest had from time immemorial been enjoyed by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood and the metropolis." To employ the forestal rights of the Crown for the purpose of obstructing that process of enclosure to which the lords, commoners, and copyholders of the manors comprised within the forest are entitled, appeared to the Committee to be a measure of doubtful justice, and by no means certain to attain the desired object. The Committee, therefore, recommend the adoption of the second alternative, which amounts to this—that the Londoner who is not content with "an adequate portion" of that forest in which he used to roam at large must seek health and recreation at a greater distance. If civilization has given us the railway, it certainly owed us so much for turning Epping Forest into eligible building-ground. The springs will be choked or poisoned, the trees will be cut down, and the grass trampled; but if wild flowers cease to bloom, and there are neither deer nor cover for them to harbour in, genteel families will dwell in villas, and will walk forth fashionably dressed to church on Sundays.

The popular side of this question will obtain almost entire sympathy, especially at a time when the demand of mind and body for some change from sultry, sweltering London to green fields and trees is felt with peculiar force. A witness stated to the Committee, in reference to Wanstead Flats, that he should consider any enclosure whatever, even of a quarter of an acre of land, as a permanent injury to all the Eastern portion of the metropolis, because Wanstead is within a walking distance from the most densely inhabited districts of the East end of London, such as Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, and Whitechapel. The same witness, being questioned as to the sufficiency of Victoria Park as a substitute for Epping Forest, answered, that when the park is well frequented it is scarcely possible to move in it. The witness added, "You cannot take your kettle, and light a fire, and boil the water in Victoria Park as you can in the Forest." The children from all the schools in the East of London resort to the Forest for their holiday, and it is the holiday resort also of nearly all the working men. Another witness said—"The Forest is extensive. There are very many pretty places, and people go wherever they please."

Parties do not like to congregate together. One party will go in one place, and another a quarter of a mile in another direction." It must be owned that Victoria Park would be a very miserable substitute for such a privilege as this. Another witness, whose business was to let vans to pleasure-parties, considered that large enclosures would be a great deprivation to the working men of the metropolis, and "a very great injury to our trade too." This witness supported the Committee in their opinion that it might be possible to reserve "an adequate portion" of the forest for public recreation, while allowing by far the greater part of it to be enclosed. The witness, however, stated, from observation of the numerous parties whom he had carried in his vans, that a great many go to High Beech, and a great many to the Avenue at Wanstead, where the donkeys go up and down under a row of trees, and others go to Chigwell Row; but these people do not wander far into the forest. The witness thought that, if 100 acres were left open at each of these three places, the great bulk of the Forest might be enclosed, without detriment to the public. The van proprietor's notion of a pleasure trip into the country would evidently include ingredients which are less readily available the further you remove from those central spots which he believes would suffice to satisfy the longings of all excursionists. Very likely he thinks that the Bald-faced Stag, which does not object to company, is worth all those timid deer which have retired before the advance of civilization. There are people who, in such weather as London has been lately getting, delight to sit of an evening in front of taverns in the City Road, smoking pipes and drinking beer under some sort of booth built of lath and canvas, and appearing, where the dust does not obscure the colour, to be painted green.

Those who think that this kind of thing is "quite the country" would doubtless consider that a recreation-ground of one hundred acres at Wanstead or Chigwell, where not more than three public-houses were discernible by the naked eye, was not only wild and romantic, but verging upon the outskirts of civilization. This common and perhaps vulgar taste will be sufficiently provided for by the scheme recommended in the Report. The witness who desired that people should have liberty to ramble in the forest "for the collection of insects and scientific pursuits like that," may take comfort in remembering that some of his clients would be likely to prefer skittles. But to those Londoners who pine for country sights and sounds, and for the mental rest which is denied to them in a busy crowded city, the enclosure of Epping Forest will be a calamity which cannot be mitigated, and which in the long bright summer hours they will never cease to feel.

ROYAL STATUES.

NOT having much to do, the House of Commons takes to small talk, and very small talk too. If the present practice of asking questions is to go on, the proceedings of our Legislature will get to look like a lost number of *Notes and Queries*. As it is, the thirst after knowledge exhibited by our representatives might slake itself in that curious column of Answers to Correspondents which, to many readers, forms the main attraction of certain Sunday newspapers. Few things more forcibly impress us with the depths of our own ignorance and with the encyclopedic erudition of our instructors than these wonderful questions and answers. The colour of Madame Catalani's hair, the date of the Achean League, the character in which Jack Reeve first appeared, the name of the grandam of the Derby winner in 1807, and of Pharaoh's daughter, the rules of "Nurr and Spell," and the exact nature of the Urim and Thummim, are only among the questions which are put to, and answered by, hebdomadal omniscience. In this respect the newspapers have the advantage of the House of Commons, for the ignorance of the Ministerial bench is far lower than that of the editorial desk. Still some curious things are, nevertheless, got out by the persevering questioners; and we are indebted to Mr. Addington for extracting from Mr. Cowper something about the law which regulates the erection and prescribes the safe keeping of our public statues. Mr. Addington has been struck by the forlorn condition of the statue of George II. in Leicester Square. This remarkable work of art has been identified with so many of our pious sovereigns that we are glad to have its appropriation fixed. Conjecture, however, might have assigned it to its true original; for as it is the only leaden effigy in London, it could scarcely typify anybody but the stupidest and heaviest member of the House of Brunswick. According to Mr. Cowper, this leaden presentment of a leaden king is in deplorable plight. It exhibits a figure more terrible than that of poor Lavinia in *Titus Andronicus*. Armless and legless, the truncated and mutilated torso of a monarch bestrides a three-legged horse which is propped up by an iron bobstay. The Chief Commissioner may well decline the custody of this maimed mockery of a king. He says that the statue was erected before the Act of Parliament passed which vested in public keeping all statues set up in public places. If this is so, there must be a good many statues which have no legal guardians. Charles I. at Charing Cross was certainly set up before George II. in Leicester Square, but within a very few years this statue has been partially repaired at the public cost; we say partially, because the sword—which was stolen a few years ago, and which is said to grace a private hoard of surreptitiously obtained curiosities—was neither replaced nor inquired about. A way is, therefore, possible, if there is the will, to set in order royal effigies, even though they should be older than the existing Act of Parliament. One thing is certain—this wretched spectacle ought either to be removed or repaired. It is said that Mr. Wyld, the proprietor of the late Great Globe, was obliged to replace it; and it is a question whether the freeholder, whoever he is, of Leicester Square, could not compel it to be replaced in its integrity. Anyhow, it is scandalous that this limbless fraction of a man should do duty in a public place as an effigy of Royalty.

Apart from other obvious motives for invoking another Alcibiades of the Haymarket to destroy this ghastly Hermes of Leicester Square, there exist grave political reasons for ordering the demolition or re-edifying of the luckless king. If the crime of *scandalum magnatum* still exists, we think the ancient statute for depraving the king's majesty, his honour, and dignity, would apply. A subtle lawyer might almost make it a matter of constructive treason. The glory of regality is a quantity independent of time; and kingship is outraged in the person of this miserable caricature of monarchy. Just as the Emperor Nicholas offered to complete the Nelson Monument, so the family of European Sovereigns might club up something for the benefit of this ill-used but legitimate Royalty. Or is there some secret influence at work? Can it be that Jacobites are not all extinct, and that the owner of this statue is a partisan of the Stuarts, and wishes one of the usurping line to be consigned to everlasting contempt? Or may it be that the ghost of Frederic, Prince of Wales, still haunts, as he once adorned, Leicester Square; and that his unfilial spirit gloats over the indignity offered to that father whom he loved so well? Something else may be said. History may be falsified if this statue is handed down to

posterity. Coins, medals, and statues are said to be the most trustworthy documents of historical truth, its very bones and sinews. We know that one Emperor was high-shouldered, another cock-eyed, and a third round-backed, because their statues say so. What if an annalist, five hundred years hence, were to prove, from the contemporary evidence of this base-metal statue, that the second Hanoverian king had neither legs nor hands, and yet used to go a-colonelling on horseback?

And if these reasons are not sufficient to justify an appeal for Mr. Cowper's interference on the score of decency, loyalty, and historic interests, it remains to urge upon the First Commissioner of Works an inducement arising from the peculiar circumstances of the site, or, in the language of penny newspapers, the specialities of the locality. Leicester Square is much frequented by the intelligent and literary foreigner. M. Assolant, or M. Insolent, is in the habit of writing books with more spirit than information. The inquiring stranger often ventures upon a hasty and imperfect induction. What if he wished to illustrate our vulgar and insular hatred of kings? He might say that at Whitehall they cut off a king's head; and that such is the malicious and grotesque horror of monarchs implanted in the spirit of the English, that they have actually erected two statues of successive Georges close together, one of which represents a king with no feet, because his feet were only swift to shed blood—as witness the execution of the Stuart lords—and with no hands, because he did not know how to write his name; and that his son was represented with a pig-tail, to commemorate his unroyal love of farming pursuits. We can quite imagine that these two statues might, under ingenious management, be cited as early instances of that political caricature which is known to be indigenous in England. Nor are we quite certain that this is not the *rationale* of too many of our public statues. What but a secret wish to avenge Waterloo could have instigated Mr. Wyatt to hold up the Great Duke to everlasting infamy before his own drawing-room windows? Compassing the king's death is little worse than that moral assassination which dares to represent George the Magnificent doing penance in a white sheet in Trafalgar Square; and the law of libel, at least in Chief Justice Cockburn's hands, might be made to apply to the author of that blowsy female figure which, in the midst of the Royal Exchange, exists as a standing insult to our present Most Gracious Sovereign.

THE CAMPAIGNS IN MARYLAND AND THE WEST.

AGAIN we have accounts from America of indecisive battles and great slaughter. The main features of the several actions appear almost identical, and the want of decisive victories, on either one side or the other, is a peculiar characteristic of the war. After, however, carefully examining the despatches of the Federal commander, and making allowance for the fact that the Federal Government endeavours, as far as possible, to keep back bad news until after the departure of the steamer for Europe, we cannot but conclude that the Confederate arms have, on the whole, proved successful. The Federal armies fought under great disadvantages. A commander in whom they had no confidence had just been succeeded by a general unknown to the greater portion of them; they had recently suffered defeat; and the numerical superiority which in former actions they enjoyed appears in the recent battles to have been on the side of the Confederates. Much credit is, therefore, due to the Federal soldier, who, although he may want enterprise and dash to enable him to secure success, yet seems to fight with determination under reverses. On the 28th of June, General Hooker was relieved from the command of the army of the Potomac, and his place taken by General Meade, an officer who has served during the war with distinction as a brigade and division commander, but whose name has not until now been brought prominently forward. He is an older man than the generality of the Federal officers. He was born in 1815, and entered the army in 1835. He served in the Topographical Engineers, and was engaged in the Mexican campaign. On the breaking out of the present war, he was appointed as a brigadier under General McCall, and was present during the seven days' fighting on the Chickahominy in June 1862. At the battle of Fredericksburg, General Meade commanded a division, and at that of Chancellorsville he acquired some distinction as commander of the fifth army corps. He has now taken command of the army under the most disheartening circumstances—with what result events will prove.

During the last week of June, General Lee concentrated his army in the Cumberland Valley, between Carlisle and Hagerstown, whilst bodies of troops, generally composed of cavalry, were detached for the purpose of levying contributions, destroying railroads, burning bridges, and otherwise ravaging the country, in order to provoke the Federal commander to leave the lines of Washington and give battle. The range of these expeditions appears to have extended from Harrisburg to Columbus, on the right bank of the Susquehanna, to Parkton, about thirty miles from Baltimore, on the Baltimore and Harrisburg railway, and to within a few miles of Washington. On the 28th, General Stuart crossed the Potomac with a force of cavalry at Point of Rocks, and captured a large number of canal boats, six miles south of Edward's Ferry. He proceeded from thence to Rockville, cutting the communication between the Federal army and Washington, and then on to join the main army of the Confederates. On the 30th, these detachments were evidently called in, and the Federal papers announced that the enemy had been driven from

York, Hanover, and other places. On the 1st of July (Wednesday) the first encounter between the two armies took place. General Meade appears to have marched from Frederick City in a north-westerly direction to Gettysburg, a small town about forty-five miles from Baltimore. The 1st Corps, under General Reynolds, advanced through the town, followed at some little distance by the 11th Corps, under General Howard, and almost immediately encountered the corps of General Hill, advancing along the road from Chambersburg. An engagement commenced, and the Federals appear at first to have obtained some advantage, as they are reported to have captured one thousand prisoners; but the tide of success soon turned. General Hill drove back the right of General Reynolds, and the advance of General Ewell's corps more than neutralized the reinforcements brought up under General Howard. The Federals were driven through Gettysburg, and fell back on the main army of General Meade, whilst the Confederates occupied the town. The losses on the Federal side were very severe. That of Howard's Corps is stated at 3,000, and that of Reynolds's at 1,500, including the death of their general. On the 2nd the battle was renewed. General Meade took up a position east of Gettysburg, the 2nd and 3rd Corps forming the left wing, the 1st and 11th the right, whilst the 5th was held in reserve. The centre rested on some high ground near the cemetery. At 3 p.m. the action commenced by an advance of General Sickles in command of the 3rd Corps. The artillery on both sides opened at long ranges, and the fire of the Confederate batteries drove back the Federal right wing, and forced it to take a position below the crest of the hill. In the meantime, the 3rd Corps, under General Sickles, was driven back in disorder from the ground over which it had advanced, but, on being reinforced by the 5th Corps, renewed the offensive, and reached a position where a Confederate battery had been placed—only, however, to be again driven back by the concentrated fire of batteries in the rear, with their leader severely wounded. In their retreat they were followed by two divisions of General Longstreet's Corps, who advanced as far as the former Federal position, and even crossed the ridge of hills which the Federals had occupied in the morning. The 5th Corps, however, rallied and succeeded in regaining the crest of the hill, driving back their assailants, and, when night closed in, the armies occupied the same positions they had held in the morning. The Confederates made another attack on the Federal right after dark, but with little result. General Meade reports his losses to have been very severe, especially among the superior officers. On the 3rd, the action recommenced, and a cannonade seems to have been kept up from daylight until 2 p.m., when the Confederates twice attacked General Meade's centre and left, and are reported to have been repulsed in both instances with great loss. In this action, General Longstreet is said to have been killed. If this report be true, his death will be a serious loss to the Confederate cause. General Meade, towards evening, pushed forward a reconnaissance, thinking that possibly the enemy might have retired, but he was found to be in force in his former position.

The last news from the army is dated 8 p.m. on the 3rd. There appears some doubt whether the whole of General Lee's army has been brought into action, as we find that on the 1st General Fitzhugh Lee was engaged with 3,000 men in shelling the town of Carlisle, about 30 miles from Gettysburg; and on Thursday, the 2nd, he retired, not towards Gettysburg, but in the opposite direction, to Shippensburg, in the Cumberland Valley. He may possibly be stationed there to protect the right of General Lee's army, and to watch any movement on the part of General Couch and the Pennsylvania militia in the Cumberland Valley. On the other hand, General Meade may expect to be reinforced by the troops under General French, who, having abandoned the Maryland Heights at Harper's Ferry, are marching with the intention of joining the main army. There is also a rumour that the 6th Corps, under General Sedgwick, is advancing in the direction of York, on the Baltimore and Harrisburg rail. These are the only facts which can be gleaned from the telegrams which have already reached us. Even President Lincoln cannot claim success. He can only promise it. If the report should be true that the expedition under General Dix has been recalled from the Peninsula, an additional proof will be afforded of the difficulty the Federal Government finds in procuring troops to repel the invasion. In the meantime, General Lee holds his position, his communications with Virginia are secure, and the evacuation of Maryland Heights opens a shorter route to the Shenandoah Valley than that by Williamsport.

Whilst the attention of every one is fixed on the campaign in Maryland, events are taking place on the Lower Mississippi which may involve serious results to the Federal cause. On the 14th of June General Banks was repulsed with great loss in the attack he made on the works of Port Hudson; and, although another assault was promised, none, as yet, has been made. In the meantime, the Confederates under General Magruder have advanced into Louisiana, and have taken possession of the Opelousas line of rail by which General Banks has hitherto received reinforcements; whilst detached bands occupy the Atchafalaga country, pushing forward their advanced pickets nearly as far as New Orleans. The city of New Orleans is considered safe from attack, as it is commanded by the guns of the fleet. A Federal force of 1,000 men and 20 pieces of artillery has been captured at Brashhear City, and the Confederate General Fayen is reported to have carried the Federal position of Berwick Bay and to have cut off General Banks' means of procuring supplies by the Mississippi.

In the meantime, General Banks' army has been greatly reduced by sickness and the enemy, and no reinforcements excepting a regiment of 750 men from Pensacola have been sent to him. A large portion of his army is composed of nine-months men, whose term of service has expired, and who are leaving for the North as quickly as they can. Indeed, the Federal correspondents allege that in a few weeks the army will be only sufficiently strong to defend Baton Rouge, and far from able to push the siege of Port Hudson. Higher up the Mississippi, at Vicksburg, General Grant still holds his position, but seems to have done little to advance the siege of the place. General Johnston is reported to have approached to within a short distance of his lines, whilst the Confederate Generals Marmaduke, Price, and Kirby Smith threaten his communications on the Mississippi, above Vicksburg. The Confederate accounts report that he was repulsed with great loss on the 22nd. The Federals, on the contrary, claim a slight success, alleging that one of the forts of the enemy's lines was captured by General Logan, who commands a portion of the right attack. Supplies have been introduced into the town from the right bank, and, in fact, General Grant's position appears to be more of one besieged than besieging.

As a sort of counterpoise to these Federal reverses, General Rosencranz has commenced an offensive campaign in Tennessee. On the 14th, the army advanced, marching in three columns, towards Tullahoma, and on the 27th, the head-quarters were at Manchester, on the Duck River, twelve miles due east of Shelbyville. On the 28th, Shelbyville was captured, and the Confederate General Bragg was reported to be at Tullahoma, with a force of 30,000 men. On the 1st of July, General Rosencranz entered Tullahoma, whilst the Confederates retreated to Winchester. The object of General Rosencranz is to force General Bragg to fight before he can reach the strongly fortified position of Chattanooga, weakened as he is by reinforcements furnished to General Johnston and to the army of Virginia. The heavy rains which fell lately in Tennessee have, however, greatly impeded the advance of the Federal army. Kentucky is kept in a state of alarm or hope by the operations of the Confederate Generals Pegram and Marshall, who have advanced through the Cumberland and Walker Gaps towards Albany, a town situated near the Upper Cumberland River. If successful, this expedition will threaten General Rosencranz's communications, and even the towns on the Ohio. In nearly every quarter excepting Tennessee, success inclines to the Confederates. The result of the battles which will probably follow those already fought in Maryland must be looked for with much anxiety. Should General Lee, contrary to expectation, suffer a serious reverse, and be forced to retire to Virginia, the spirit of the North may again be roused, and the war probably prolonged. Should, on the contrary, General Meade's army be defeated, we cannot see from what quarter another army will be procured. The Eastern States, especially those of New England, appear, as far as deeds are concerned, apathetic as to the result, and unwilling or unable to forward fresh troops to the seat of war.

THE LAST OF THE CONCERTS.

CERTAIN periods of the year have marked characteristics in the music which belongs to them. The musical season, which may be supposed to commence in November, puts forth at first its more solid attractions in the Monday Popular Concerts, and the meetings of the Sacred Harmonic Society; and as the new year comes in, a few chamber concerts, devoted still to classical music, are announced. These fill up the time until the orchestral Societies take up the tale, which they do in the spring months. Concerts of all kinds, but with some appearance of method and careful selection in their programmes, then attract attention; but towards the end of June, when what may be termed instructive or thoughtful music has left the field, it rains concerts of the regular pot-pourri order, with here and there an ambitious attempt, which usually fails through the impossibility of obtaining from artists, vocal or instrumental, who have generally to be in not less than three places at once, anything like study or rehearsal. June, too, is the month in which many estimable music masters and mistresses collect their pupils and friends at their annual concerts, and the programmes are generally largely devoted to the compositions of the giver of the entertainment. These performances appeal rather to a select circle or series of select circles than to the general public, although in some instances they present features which attract attention and deserve notice.

Since we last mentioned a few of the more prominent concerts, the Philharmonic has brought its eighth season, under the conductorship of Professor Bennett, to a successful close. The band is now beginning to work well together, although something still remains to be done; and that that something will in another season be accomplished, the present improvement justifies us in expecting. Until another Beethoven or another Mendelssohn appears, we are disposed to think that the Society does wisely in adhering to the standard works of well-known composers, for which, as for Shakespeare's plays, there will always be a numerous and attentive audience, notwithstanding the complaints of some who thirst for any novelty in the place of the acknowledged masterpieces. The New Philharmonic also brought its season to a close in June, and its two last concerts have been distinguished by some novelties in their programmes. Spohr's double symphony, as it is called, "*The Good*

and Evil Passions," and Schuman's overture, *Genoëva*, were performed at one concert, and a concerto, by Dr. Wylde, for the pianoforte, at the last concert. The double symphony was a favourite work of its composer, and contains all his peculiarities. The andante, in which the small orchestra plays the most important part, is very lovely; but the whole work is somewhat spun out—a fault of which Spohr is not unfrequently guilty. The overture to *Genoëva* is more spirited and connected than many of Schuman's works, but it does not make us as yet a convert. Of the concerto by the director of these concerts it is sufficient to say that, if it does not present any points which will secure it a long life, it certainly does not call for any condemnatory remarks, and may be taken as a meritorious effort of an industrious man.

The Monday Popular Concerts have extended their career to the first week of the present month from the end of last October; and their undiminished success is but a proper reward for the singular excellence of every performance, the skill and research with which the programmes have been arranged, and the perfect good faith with which all the promises have been carried out. It is impossible to value too highly the energy which has thus succeeded in planting and fostering a class of music which is the most thoughtful which can be listened to, and which must exercise a most beneficial influence in the formation and extension of a pure musical taste. Its effects upon the general public must, sooner or later, react upon the musical profession, and may turn attention to the art of writing for the stringed quartet, without proficiency in which no one can become a great composer. In sacred music, the Sacred Harmonic Society has made no sign during the past month; but the Society brought together by Mr. Martin has given two performances of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Mr. Martin has some excellent raw—very raw—material to work with, the voices of his chorus being singularly fresh and sonorous; but he has yet to win his spurs as a conductor, which means something more than waving a white stick before a large body of singers. Herr Manna, at the Crystal Palace, has given himself up to the hackneyed operatic concert programmes, thinking probably that the excellent music with which he delights his winter audiences would be thrown away upon those whom a London season brings to Sydenham on the Saturdays in May and June. The concerts at Sydenham have, however, been supported by the best singers of our Italian operas, and are thoroughly enjoyable. A remarkable violinist, M. Lotto, has also appeared there. This gentleman's execution is marvellous for the accuracy and neatness with which he does the most difficult passages. He has, however, at present confined himself to show pieces in which these *tours de force* are crowded, but which do not enable us to form any opinion of his musical feeling or power in the higher branches of his art. Mr. Henry Leslie's choir has given a concert, under Royal patronage, for the benefit of "The National Association for the Encouragement of Music"—a body which certainly bears an imposing title, but of the existence of which we were unaware until this concert suddenly removed the bushel under which its light had, no doubt, long been burning. However, with Mr. Leslie at its head, and with the magnificent array of patrons and patronesses announced, we trust music will obtain all the encouragement it can desire. The concert consisted of Professor Bennett's *May Queen* and a miscellaneous selection, and was certainly an excellent performance.

Such have been the larger musical doings of last month, of which some chronicle can be attempted; but of the host of concerts given, as we mentioned at the beginning of this notice, it is impossible but to pick out here and there one or two which, from the singers or the givers, deserve especial mention. Foremost among these has certainly been Signor and Madame F. Lablache's Concert, or *matinée musicale*, which drew Madame Lind-Goldschmidt from her retreat. Once before and once since has Madame Goldschmidt appeared in the concert-room this season, and on each of these occasions Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* has been performed. She is also to sing once more at the Concert of Madame Louise Michal, a fellow-countrywoman and *protégée*. These coquettings with the public give colour to the report that Madame Goldschmidt intends to give a series of concerts upon her own account next winter. Madame Goldschmidt's singing, it must be confessed, is not altogether what it was, but there is still, in her conception and execution of every passage, the touch of genius, the complete absence of conventionality, which exercises the old fascination. These qualities go far to atone for the consciousness of effort and a want of freshness in the voice, which certainly takes something away from the charm of her singing. The pieces which Madame Goldschmidt contributed were *Quand je quittais*, from Robert le Diable, in its Italian dress (the first song she ever sang in this country, on that memorable evening in May, now sixteen years ago), the duet *Per piacere*, from Rossini's *Turco*, Haydn's canonet, *My mother bids me bind my hair*, and the Swedish melody known as *The Herdman's Song*. In all of these, except the duet, it would be difficult to conceive that for point, intense feeling, and expression, they could ever have been sung better. In the florid music of Rossini, however, Madame Goldschmidt is not, and never has been, at home. It is not her execution that is at fault. She performs marvels—far greater than Rossini ever demands; but the tone, the colour requisite for his music, is wanting in her performance, as it is in nearly all singers of these Northern parts of Europe (perhaps with the single exception of Sontag), and which even French singers rarely bring to its inter-

pretation. There is, however, an ample field in which Madame Goldschmidt reigns supreme, and she can easily afford to strike Rossini from her repertoire. M. Thalberg, too, was playing his best at the concert of which we have been speaking. While he has so many imitators in his feats of execution, it is a pity some of them do not reproduce those qualities of taste and expression in which he is still unrivalled, and by which the piano in his hands is made to approach the voice or a stringed instrument in its delivery of a simple melody. Among all the Monster Concerts, and there have been several, which, commencing about two, finish after seven, M. Benedict's is the only one worth noticing. For years, this concert has been the concert of the season for hearing every celebrity in London and some who are not celebrities at all. Country cousins flock to London to M. Benedict's, because they can return to Muddelborough with the pleasing consciousness that every musical lion and lioness has been heard by them. M. Benedict, however, invests his concerts with some interest to musicians by diving into his desk on these occasions and fishing up some manuscript and unheard pieces of his own composition. On the present occasion, he produced two part songs, a lovely andante for the piano and orchestra, a fantasia for the piano, a march (which, however, has been heard before), and several single vocal pieces, one from a MS. Italian Opera, which, perhaps, Mr. Mapleson will enable us to hear entire next season. As all do their best on these occasions, there is no fear of M. Benedict's guests being sent empty away. Space will not allow us to mention many more of these summer concerts, but we must not forget Mr. Francisco Berger, who gave a concert at which two or three new compositions of his own were performed. This gentleman may be remembered as having contributed some very clever melo-dramatic music to those dramas of Mr. Wilkie Collins, *The Lighthouse* and *The Frozen Deep*, made famous by Mr. Charles Dickens' playing of the principal parts. Mr. Berger has also written some elegant ballads, and his new compositions maintain his reputation. A word, too, belongs to Signor Campana. In chamber music few have written prettier trifles than this gentleman. Trifles they certainly are, but they are tuneful and graceful. It is not everybody who can enter into the sterner stuff of the great masters, or who has energy or appreciation enough properly to produce their compositions; and it is fortunate that for such people (a very numerous class) there are such composers as Signor Campana (by no means a numerous class) who can be interesting if not deep, and do not think it necessary to disguise their ideas—confessedly not grand—under an affectation of learning, which ends in weariness and dullness. Several new pieces of his own were done at his concert, which are as pleasing and melodious as anything he has ever written. The last event of the concert season is taking place while we write. Madame Grisi is now singing for the only time this year in London, and she and Madame Alboni are to sing the duet from *Semiramide* which made the latter lady famous in the same year as that in which we first heard Madame Goldschmidt. To those who remember musical taste and singers then, the seventeen years must give cause for rejoicing and also for regret—rejoicing that the feeling for music has so much increased and developed, regret that our present singers are not of the same stamp as they then were. However, these regrets may, and no doubt will, be soon remedied, and we can hardly expect but that musical taste will still further improve. With this return of an old favourite for one short afternoon the concert season of 1863 will worthily close.

REVIEWS.

HUME'S ESSAYS.*

OF Dr. Arnold's sayings, few are entitled to more attention than that which described the eighteenth century as the "great misused seed-time of modern Europe." The word "misused" was perhaps one which Dr. Arnold's acquirements scarcely justified him in using, and it has about it an air of clerical disapprobation which jars upon the mind in reading a criticism on a period so important in the history of mankind. A good deal more of that history must pass away before we shall be able to say whether the eighteenth century did or did not misuse its opportunities; and, at all events, a man ought to be profoundly acquainted with a considerable number of difficult subjects before he is in a position to say precisely how, in point of fact, those opportunities were used. Voltaire may perhaps be taken as the best representative of the feelings of one section of one of the most important of European nations during this period, and Hume is hardly less fit to stand as the type of the corresponding school of thought in another. The position of Hume in Scotland had many points of resemblance to that of Voltaire in France, though it had also points of contrast at least as important and characteristic. Each was the severest critic of the existing state of belief, especially of religious belief, in his time and country. Each had a strong practical turn of mind, of which he never lost sight, even in the most abstract speculations. Each was a sincere Deist in his own way, though each had rejected Christianity on the same ground. On the other hand, Hume was as Scotch as Voltaire was French. He had none of the personal brilliancy and general

passion and aptitude for excelling in every conceivable subject which enabled Voltaire to pass a great part of his life in the midst of a perpetual flourish of trumpets. He did not feel—at all events, he did not express—for the bulk of the human race, that savage and pitiless contempt which forms so prominent a feature in some of the writings of Voltaire. He had a far thicker skin, and had far less to irritate it. In reading Voltaire, the traces of a fierce indignation, like that which Swift commemorated on his tombstone, are everywhere apparent. He looked, and not without considerable reason, on the society in which he lived, as corrupt and abominable in a thousand ways; but this does not seem to have been the case with Hume. On the whole, Hume would appear not to have been dissatisfied with the arrangements of the world in which he found himself, and to have felt not only that he was well enough off, all things considered, but that the same might be affirmed of most of those whom he addressed. Few things can set in a clearer light the difference between France and England in the eighteenth century than the difference between the assumptions which pervade the writings of Hume and of Voltaire as to the state of their readers' minds. In every page may be seen proofs of the fact that Hume expects to be understood and appreciated by a much better satisfied and a less exclusive class of readers than Voltaire.

Hume's Essays are far more characteristic than his History of England, and give his readers much more insight into his mind. They are of very various degrees of merit; and those which constitute, in the common editions, the first part, which were originally published by themselves when their author was quite a young man, are greatly inferior to those which belong to the second part, published ten years afterwards. Some have about them a sort of debating-society air, and all convey the impression that the author is feeling his way and learning his business, and that he has not yet discovered either the true direction of his powers or the real bearing of his views. With the Essays in the second part it is quite different. They are open to many and very serious objections, but when they are considered either in an artistic or an intellectual point of view, they are entitled to the very highest praise. They are perfect models of quiet, vigorous, and yet graceful composition, as full of thought as any writings need to be, yet never so much compressed as to impose needless labour on the reader. As to their intellectual merits, it is almost superfluous to praise them. They are the most complete, the most powerful, and, in essentials, though not always in language, the most accurate pieces of mental workmanship which the last century produced in Scotland. They contain the germ of all the most active and fruitful speculations of our own day; and it is curious, in reading them over, to see how very little subsequent speculation has added to a great part of what Hume wrote.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature about the Essays is the substantial identity of the vein of thought which runs through a variety of subjects that are apparently, and at first sight, unconnected with each other. The subjects of the Essays, in the order in which they stand, are—political economy, politics, metaphysics, morals, and theology. In short, Hume handles successively, and in the inverse order of their interest, all or most of the subjects which possess what, in these days, is sometimes described as a "human" interest—the subjects, that is, which relate directly to the concerns, the thoughts, the duties, and the prospects of mankind. Some of these topics are widely remote from each other. For instance, there is little apparent relation between an inquiry into the populousness of ancient nations and an inquiry into the nature of benevolence or justice; but, if they are read continuously, it will be found that a certain unity of thought and method pervades the whole, and that the subjects in question were by no means chosen at random or without a more or less distinct conception of the common method in which all were to be considered.

The great characteristic of this common vein of thought has sometimes been called scepticism. Hume himself often employs the word, and, apparently, was not altogether averse to it. The somewhat sluggish good nature of his temperament led him to enjoy the formal and avowed repudiation of responsibility for the world and its prospects. He liked to push it all on one side, and to say, in the concluding words of his Essay on the Natural History of Religion—"The whole is a riddle, an enigma, an inexplicable mystery. Doubt, uncertainty, suspense of judgment appear the only result of our most accurate scrutiny concerning this subject." It is with such expressions as these, and with the habit of mind from which they spring, that Hume's name is generally associated. In popular denunciations Hume the Sceptic is always made to balance Voltaire the Scoffer. He himself would very probably have accepted the name and been flattered by it, but it may be said with considerable confidence that, if he had really deserved it, he would never have enjoyed anything approaching to the reputation which, in fact, has belonged to him. Mere scepticism—the bare power of collecting doubts and difficulties from all quarters upon all subjects—can never, from the nature of the case, exercise much permanent influence on mankind. A mere cloud-compeller is, as a rule, no more than an intellectual juggler whose feats rapidly pall upon the spectators, especially when they get to see how they are done. Hume was much more than this. Under his scepticism and indifference lay a set of doctrines which are open to serious objection, and which are certainly incomplete, but which are as far from scepticism as light from darkness. He was in truth what we should now call a Positivist, and the real gist of his scepticism is not to

* *Essays and Treatises on several Subjects.* By David Hume, Esq. 2 vols.

throw contempt on all human knowledge, but to throw contempt on particular sets of popular opinions which in his days were even more influential than they are in our own. Whatever may be the subject on which Hume is inquiring, he always propounds some distinct opinion, and that opinion is always founded on facts. His scepticism ends not in universal doubt, but in an attempt, and in many cases a very successful attempt, to show what are the foundations, and, in part at least, what are the limits of real knowledge, and what phrases, professing to convey information, are in reality darkening counsel by words without understanding. It appears to have been his greatest delight to show the ambiguities and contradictions latent in common words and modes of thought, and carefully and accurately to limit the degree of information which they do really afford. His analysis of the word "power," his inquiries into the nature of money, of interest, of causation, of justice, and many other subjects, are all conducted on the same principles. By applying all sorts of tests and putting every imaginable case, he ultimately arrives, not, as he sometimes affected to do, at mere doubt and difficulty, but at some result, involved, it may be, and implied in the common views of the subject, but generally supposed to form but a small and perhaps an unimportant part of the teaching contained in the established phraseology. Hume, in fact, deserves to be regarded by no means as a sceptic, but as the founder, at least in this country, of the least sceptical and most positive of all schools of thought. A few words on each of the principal subjects of his investigations will set this in a clear light.

The arrangement of the subjects of his Essays is well worthy of notice. The order of subjects is, as we have said, political economy, politics, metaphysics, morals, theology—as if he had tried his strength and proved the justice of his method on the easier subjects, and reserved for his most mature experience and reflection those of the deepest and most permanent interest. It is as if he had said to himself, "Before going into such topics as morals and theology, where there is so much risk of being lost in clouds of words, I will give proof of the solidity of my principles and modes of thought by trying them on subjects like money and trade, where they may more readily be tested by the results." The first division of the second part of the Essays—for the first part is but a sort of prelude—refers to political economy, and includes, amongst others, the famous essays on money, interest, and the balance of trade. The general drift of these essays is too well known to require notice, but in order to show the identity of the method which they follow, and of the sort of results which they obtain, with those which are characteristic of the other inquiries of the author, a few words upon them may be necessary. It is obvious that Hume had been irritated and baffled by the language which he was in the habit of hearing on common occasions about money, interest, and the balance of trade, and that he had set himself down solemnly to seek out and set in order what was really solid in the matter. He communicates to his readers, not the process, but the result of his reflections; and he throws that result into a highly dogmatic shape. The whole Essay is an amplification and illustration of the following sentences:—"Money is not, properly speaking, one of the subjects of commerce, but only the instrument which men have agreed upon to facilitate the exchange of one commodity for another." "The absolute quantity of the precious metals is a matter of great indifference. There are only two circumstances of any importance, viz. their gradual increase, and their thorough recognition and circulation through the State." In the same way, the essay on Interest is summed up in three lines:—"High interest arises from three circumstances—a great demand for borrowing, little riches to supply that demand, and great profits arising from commerce." So his doctrine on the balance of trade falls into the following phrase:—"In short, a government has great reason to preserve with care its people and manufactures. Its money it may safely trust to the course of human affairs without fear and jealousy." A great deal of scepticism, much rejecting of uncertain shifting phraseology, prepares the way for this dogmatism; but it all comes to dogmatism at last, and these dogmas, at all events, are usually accepted as true, and are acted on as such without hesitation.

The political essays are, on the whole, of the same character as those on political economy, though the subject was, for obvious reasons, less congenial to the author, being more mixed up with matters of fact. There is one essay on the idea of a perfect commonwealth which would seem to have been a mere amusement, unlike everything else that its author ever wrote, and of little or no value. Others, however, carry on the main vein of thought. The essays on the Original Contract, on Passive Obedience, and on the Coalition of Parties, are all pervaded by constant repetitions of one key-note. Hume denies all *a priori* rights or maxims, and founds all his theories on the consideration of what exists as a fact:—

The true rule of government is the present established practice of the age. . . . Though an appeal to general opinion may justify, in the speculative sciences of metaphysics, natural philosophy, or astronomy, be esteemed unfair and inconclusive, yet in all questions with regard to morals, as well as criticism, there is really no other standard by which any controversy can ever be decided.

The way in which these principles were applied to metaphysics is well known, though its connexion with Hume's other opinions is perhaps hardly so well understood. The connexion in this instance, however, was not merely real, but express and con-

scious. In his essay on the different species of philosophy, Hume says:—

Astronomers had long contented themselves with proving from the phenomena the true motions, order, and magnitude of the heavenly bodies; but a philosopher at last arose who seems, from the happiest reasoning, to have also determined the laws and forces by which the revolutions of the planets are governed and directed. The like has to be performed with regard to other parts of nature. And there is no reason to despair of equal success in our inquiries concerning the mental powers and economy, if prosecuted with equal capacity and caution.

It was this caution which specially distinguished Hume. His metaphysics, which have been described as so sceptical, are in truth little more than an attempt, by extreme simplicity in thinking and in the use of terms, to lay the foundation of a fruitful and really scientific treatment of the subject. We start, he says, with sensible impressions. Our reflections on these impressions are our ideas. You might suppose that these ideas or thoughts followed each other at random, but as a fact they do not. They suggest each other, or are associated, and this association falls into certain shapes—namely, resemblance, contiguity, and causation; which last is afterwards explained in the most celebrated essays of the whole volume to be a form of contiguity—namely, constant, and, as Mr. Mill afterwards added, unconditional sequence. The general result is, that metaphysics, in so far as they are sound, are based, not on reasoning, but on observed facts; or, to quote one of the pregnant sentences which are so characteristic of Hume—"All inferences from experience, therefore, are effects of custom, not reasoning."

From these preliminary principles Hume advances to the consideration of facts which are rather psychological than metaphysical—Volition, Liberty and Necessity, and Belief. His account of Belief, which he considers under the head of Probability, is, perhaps, the least satisfactory of these inquiries, and his account of Liberty and Necessity the most satisfactory. It is a new application of the old principle. He throws aside all phrases, taking a half-malicious pleasure in exposing their weakness, and goes straight to the facts by a road on which all the most intelligent subsequent inquirers have followed him. No one, he says, denies the general uniformity of human motives and conduct, nor does any one deny that we have "a power of acting or not, according to the determinations of the will." Though these determinations may, in his sense of the word, be caused—that is, uniformly preceded—by something else, they are the determinations of the person himself, and call forth either praise or blame. An omniscient observer might be able to foretell that a certain man will, under certain circumstances, do wrong, but this is what is meant by being a bad or weak man. A doctor can foretell that if a person with an aneurism in his arm lifted a weight of twenty pounds the artery would burst, and this is what is meant by having a bad artery.

This illustration naturally introduces an observation on Hume's Essays on Morals. He treats morality entirely as a matter of fact. As a fact, moral distinctions are established amongst us. On what are they ultimately founded? To this Hume replies, that we have, as a fact, certain passions, amongst which are love and hatred, goodwill, or the wish to please, illwill, or the wish to hurt, &c.; and, given the fact that men are living together in some sort of society, these passions will raise in those who observe them a variety of sentiments. And when the whole matter is considered, we observe, as a fact, "that everything which contributes to the happiness of society recommends itself directly to our approbation and goodwill;" and thus he defines virtue as the aggregate of qualities either useful or agreeable to ourselves or others. But what is the obligation to virtue? Here, it must be owned, Hume is at a considerable loss. After putting the usual case of moderate and successful villainy, he is reduced to saying—

I must confess that, if a man thinks that this reasoning much requires an answer, it will be a little difficult to find any which will appear to him satisfactory and convincing. If his heart rebels not against such pernicious maxims, if he feels no reluctance at the thoughts of villainy and baseness, he has, indeed, lost a considerable motive to virtue, and we may expect that his practice will be answerable to his speculation.

More follows to the same purpose, but the gist of it is that, if a man will be a rogue, he must be a rogue; he has nothing to fear but his own conscience, if he happens to have one—if not, so much the worse for his neighbours.

Hume's theological views are closely and most consistently connected with his views on other subjects. He regards the whole subject as a question of fact, and the care with which he separates between fact and speculation is extremely characteristic. If his statements are to be taken as entirely sincere, he was himself a Deist, and was convinced of the existence of a God by that very argument from design which at present is so often treated with neglect and something like contempt. He says:—

Though the stupidity of men barbarous and uninstructed be so great that they may not see a Sovereign Author in the more obvious works of nature to which they are so much familiarized, yet it scarce seems possible that any one of good understanding should reject that idea when once it is suggested to him. A purpose, an intention, a design, is evident in everything, and when our comprehension is so far enlarged as to contemplate the first rise of this visible system, we must adopt with the strongest conviction the idea of some intelligent cause or author.

Though this was his own view of the subject, he maintained at great length, and with surprising acuteness, that the genesis of popular religions was altogether another matter, and ought to be viewed as a question of fact. A great part of the most audacious speculation of our own day is anticipated in his Essay on the Natural History of Religion, and, in particular, the main outlines of

Comte's famous theory of the three stages of belief are to be found there. Here, for instance, is the "fetichist" stage:—

There is a universal tendency amongst mankind to conceive all beings like themselves, and to transfer to every object those qualities with which they are familiarly acquainted, and of which they are intimately conscious.

Here is the metaphysical stage:—

Nay, philosophers cannot entirely exempt themselves from this natural frailty; but have oft ascribed to inanimate matter the horror of a vacuum, sympathies, antipathies, and other affections of human nature.

The final or positive stage he does not describe, but his own essays are an admirable illustration of that which Comte understood by the expression. It may be observed, by the way, that his examination of the meaning of the word "power," in the Essay on the Idea of Necessary Connexion, is a complete anticipation of one of Comte's favourite theories.

Such is a slight and imperfect sketch of one of the most memorable philosophical works of the last century—a work which has had a vast influence on the thoughts, and consequently on the opinions and conduct, of the most eminent writers of this and other countries. To attempt, on the present occasion, to criticize it in anything like an adequate manner would be presumptuous and absurd, but it may be interesting to refer to one or two of the more obvious of the considerations which it suggests. No philosophy is worth having except in so far as it has reference to human life, and tends to make it better, happier, or wiser; and this is the only reason—a sufficient and conclusive one, no doubt—why true philosophy is better than false. There is also a great deal to be said for the proposition that the method of inquiry adopted by Hume is the true one—that philosophy ought to be thrown into the form of a careful mapping out of the facts amongst which we live, without regard to our preconceived notions, by which means we may ultimately arrive at clear notions about the world in which we live, and the resources of which we can dispose. This method can unquestionably point to considerable results. Both in political economy, and, to some extent, in law, or rather in jurisprudence, principles have been established which have produced, and will no doubt continue to produce, at an increasing rate, highly beneficial effects on mankind. What results will follow when history, morality, and the management of the institutions founded on morality, such as politics and theology, have been fully explored by the same mode of inquiry, it would be presumptuous even to conjecture. We may learn a great deal, or we may learn very little, and may discover that, after all, there is not much to be known. The fault, not of Hume's inquiries, but of inquirers like Hume, usually is that they treat with contempt a collateral question which is of great importance to the world at large, and especially, though they may not see it, to themselves and their own speculations. That question is, what is to become of the world in the meanwhile? One of the great difficulties of navigation is to get a fixed point from which to take your observations. If you could only persuade the ship to stand perfectly still for a given time, it would save a vast deal of trouble. It is just the same with respect to all those branches of philosophy which have special immediate reference to human life and interests. Work out your philosophical politics and religion by all means, but the world cannot in the meantime wipe out its Churches, its Parliaments, and its Courts of Law. Nor is this all. The philosopher himself is a man, connected by the closest possible ties with the world on which he speculates. He is a citizen, he is a friend, he is very probably a husband and a father, he may exercise some profession; if he does not, he is cut off from the most valuable sources of experience upon all subjects relating to human life. How is he to proceed in all these matters? Ought he, or not, to teach his children to say their prayers and go to church? How ought he, in respect of the same matters, to regulate his own conduct? The more fully the sceptical point of view is adopted, the greater the practical difficulty becomes. Before coming to a final and conclusive determination on the subject, you have no more right to assume the falsehood than to assume the truth of a common opinion. Assume, for the sake of argument, that the opinion is true, and that you act upon the assumption that it is false pending inquiry into its truth, you obviously prejudice yourself against the truth, and diminish your chance of discovering it. A man who never prays assumes that it is not desirable to pray, and that assumption is as sure to bias his mind in a negative direction in an inquiry into the matter as the opposite assumption would be to bias him in the other. Hence the first step towards true conclusions in inquiries of this kind is to settle our own position and allow for it. To do this is an infinitely complicated problem for any man; but it is a problem independent of, and separate from, the ultimate philosophical problem, and it is one of which ordinary men and philosophers each require the solution. The two questions are, What is the truth on this subject? and what is it desirable for me, A.B. of Oxford Street in the parish of Marylebone, to act upon as true on Saturday, the 18th of July, 1863? Few men really get beyond the second question. Very few of those who try to grapple with the first ever apprehend the existence, or attempt to provide for the solution, of the second. Hardly anything is more essential than that the importance, the distinctness, and the relation of the two questions should be fully and generally understood. If that were the case, ordinary people would cease to consider philoso-

phers wicked, and philosophers would, perhaps, be sometimes reminded that the rest of the world are not altogether fools.

It should also be observed that Hume and other inquirers of the same class ought always to recollect that they are only laying the foundations on which others must build. They are anatomists, and not physicians, and the consequence is that practical questions are apt to be their weak point. Hume, for instance, explains with admirable clearness what is meant by virtue and vice, good and evil, and what is the appropriate method of determining whether particular acts deserve the one or the other epithet; but he breaks down altogether in attempting to show why men should be good, and he does not even attempt to show whether there are any means by which a bad man may become good. The practical importance of these questions is at least as great as that of the questions which he solves, and men are quite right in not waiting for a complete theoretical solution of them before trying to find some way of proximately answering them in practice. Without tentative bungling practice, no theory would ever be possible, and the two ought to go as much hand in hand, and to show the same sort of mutual respect, in morals and theology as they actually do in politics and medicine.

MAN; OR, THE OLD AND NEW PHILOSOPHY.*

IT must not be inferred, from the serious title of *Man, or the Old and New Philosophy*, any more than from the grave professional calling of the writer, that the volume put forth under this appellation is intended as a solemn treatise upon philosophical problems, old or new, or as calculated in any sense to edify or instruct the thoughtful reader. Having been ourselves beguiled into taking it up by the specious gravity of its outside, we have only to warn those who may be tempted to follow us of the real contents of their bargain. The writer belongs, it would seem, to that class of the parochial clergy who assume it to be their mission to divert rather than to edify their fellows and their flocks, and who look instinctively upon men and things as the material for humorous rather than contemplative treatment. Mr. Savile's present work—as is the case, we presume, with sundry previous publications assigned to the same authorship, under analogous titles, in the advertising-sheet appended—consists mainly of a burlesque upon the most recent speculations as to the origin and antiquity of man, as well as upon certain obnoxious writers on biblical subjects. Its only object, if it may be said, *sensu Hibernico*, to have any serious object at all, is ridicule, not edification; and its mirth is pervaded throughout by that special undertone of professional unctuousness peculiar to humorists of the clerical order, which has before now gained for itself the appropriate designation of "holy waggonery." The author's philosophy, whether old or new, is confessedly of the laughing order, and if his archetype of wisdom under an elder dispensation may be taken as Democritus, it is clear that the ideal of his emulation under the modern has been no other than the Rev. Sydney Smith. Like most attempts at wit, however, which rest upon mere travesty or imitation, its fun is of a very secondary kind, and its plagiarisms are more conspicuous than its originality. If the first and most essential quality of wit, as of mercy, is that it be not strained, we find, in the price which it costs the would-be facetious writer to sustain his dreary part, a measure of his intrinsic feebleness or ineptitude. His frantic attempts to pump up laughter, either in himself or others, generally end in the silliest grimace, and his loftiest success in evoking risibility consists in, at best, making himself ridiculous.

There are, it is true, literary bores, no less than social tormentors, whose highest aim is this secondary kind of triumph; and who, rather than let their presumed powers of wit and sarcasm repose silent and unnoticed, are happy to grin and gesticulate as buffoons, making up for their want of originality by the boldness of their burlesque, and for their slenderness of inventive intellect by the free use of their borrowed or stolen *facilities*. There is not much difficulty, perhaps, in tracing the natural history of publications of this class, and marking their growth, as certain swarms of minute insect organisms seem to be exhaled almost, as it were, from the circumambient air on close and sultry summer afternoons. Almost every quiet rural town or slow rustic hamlet has its dominant humorist, with just that native amount of jocularly and *bonhomie* which makes it easy for him to compel the laughter of a small but admiring set of friends, and causes him to be looked up to in time as the typical sayer of all the good things in the parish. Now, there is, in a limited social elevation such as this, no little peril to a man's lasting reputation for sense, or to the small balance of intelligence which he may have carried with him from college or the larger world into the haunts of bucolic simplicity. Turned giddy by the applause which readily follows his authoritative good sayings—betrayed by the guilelessness which respectfully takes in his well-worn gibes or anecdotes as the freshest of novelties—the retailer at secondhand becomes, in his own eyes, a creative though wasted genius. Before long, he comes to look upon his stolen wares as original property of his own, and conceives the dangerous ambition of dazzling a wider sphere, and extorting from a larger public the homage which already falls upon him when paid merely by those few sheep in the wilderness. The provincial "star" is not himself till his feet have trodden London boards, and his nostrils have sniffed

* *Man; or, the Old and New Philosophy*. By the Rev. B. W. Savile, M.A. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1863.

in the incense of metropolitan applause. So the successful joker of the country parish wearies of the sniggers of the clerk and sexton, or the decorous titter around the rectorial tea-table. His budget of trusty "old Joes," which have passed uproariously the ordeal of vestry criticism, is henceforth made up for a wider stage, and is designed to bring down the admiring thunder of a fuller and more fastidious audience. It is only on the hypothesis of some such expansion of the soul to the whispers of the flatterer within that we can realize the idea of a man, whose professional position implies ordinary education and demands intellectual self-respect, putting forth so trumpery a collection of stale witticisms and threadbare shreds of humour as that before us. Nine-tenths of Mr. Savile's book are made up of veritable Joe Millers, pleasantries a hundred years old, cuttings from *Punch* and lesser organs of public diversion, or those dreary emanations of dulness which figure under the heading of *facétie* in the columns of country newspapers. A vague idea seems to have possessed itself of the writer's mind, of bringing these accumulated stores of wit to bear against certain authors whose speculations have been the mark for prolonged assaults of a more serious kind. The intervals of that heavier bombardment might, he no doubt thought, be successfully filled up by salvos from his flying artillery of sarcasm and wit. If Aristophanes could by dint of raillery drive the great innovator of his day bodily off the stage of the world, or if the same philosopher, by sheer force of irony, could explode the fallacious crotchets of the Sophists, why should not the orthodox collector of so many jocular *morceaux* relieve the hard-worked batteries of his episcopal superiors and clerical brethren, by flinging his lighter missiles pell-mell at the head of the inexpugnable foe? If the ponderous shot and shell of syllogism and sorites fail to penetrate the ironides of sceptical innovation or invincible ignorance, a flight of *jeux d'esprit*, puns, and such like small-bore or feathery missiles may possibly pick off the obnoxious innovators at their posts. Or, perchance, the feat of the immortal Colonel Crockett is to be repeated before our eyes, and if the obstinate old 'coon cannot be brought down from the bough by force of grinning, we may be shown the bark grinned quite smooth. Infinitesimal, however, must, we fear, be the execution or the diversion to be expected from such sorry attempts at punning as may be supposed to lurk under the names of the "Bishop of Vexitur," and his brother of "Raw-chin-sir"—the latter prelate being brought in *à propos* of a chapter on clerical beards and the antiquity of shaving. More execrable still is the attempt to extract a classical play upon words from the anecdote given by Pallavicini of the unseemly fracas between certain two hasty-tempered prelates at the Council of Trent, which culminated in the Bishop of *Cava* pulling the Bishop of *Chæronea* by the beard:—

The name of this monster suggests the idea that he ought to have been sent to the council muzzled and labelled, "*Beware of the dog!*"

On no other theory than that of its provincial origin, we repeat, is it possible to account for so singular a reappearance of old stories. Boeotian indeed, and far removed from the ordinary sources of intelligence, must be that corner of the land for whose diversion they can have been put together. Hence, at the same time, may be explained the imperturbable self-confidence with which the writer lays open his stock of old wares, as a provincial hawk may be supposed to do with the "last new thing from Lunnun town," secure in the wondering unconsciousness of the gaping throng. From his coolness and *aplomb* in pattering over the contents of his budget, he is clearly contemplating an audience in some place so far out of the way as never to have heard of the Welsh squire low down in whose pedigree "the world was created," or of the old Scotch lady who found "Grants" in the Bible, or of the French family whose records Noah was politely requested to preserve in the ark. In one instance, certainly, his preciseness in research enables him to set before us an old acquaintance with a new, or rather, a restored face. Everybody, from our great grandfathers downwards, may be supposed to have laughed once in his life at a certain very good story in connexion with the name of Oliver Cromwell. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* A rival claimant is conjured up to assert, "That skull is mine!"—

Miss Pardoe, in the "City of the Magyar," mentions that in a Museum of curiosities in Hungary, belonging to Prince Grassalkovich, two skulls are shown of different sizes, which the parish priest assures the visitors belong to one and the same person. "This," says he of the first, "is the skull of the celebrated rebel Ragotzi;" and of the second, "That is the skull of the same Ragotzi when he was a boy." Darwin's profound theory of reproduction is the best mode of satisfactorily accounting for this singular phenomenon.

Mr. Savile opens his more deliberate fire of would-be merriment upon the eccentricities of modern science by a chapter on the "Origin of Man," into which he has crammed a number of heterogeneous jottings—some bad, some indifferent—not a few of which, it strikes us, have but recently been set before the public in other and more original forms, the whole collection involving in reality little more than the industry of the penny-a-liner. The flavour of such *crâne repêché* is hardly the thing to tickle the public appetite, least of all when not even time enough has been allowed to change the now stale vegetable into passable *sauer-krant*. Miscellaneous as the components of a pretentious salad, it is spoiled, whatever might be the primary excellence of its raw materials, by the poverty and insipidity of the dressing poured over it by the compiler. So dull and prosy a style in blending them together takes out of his best-selected bits of parody and persiflage whatever of piquancy or force they may have possessed at their first or even second time of service. The case, for instance, of hypothetical

assault and battery between an ardent professor of the Darwinian creed and a world-famed champion of the received belief, much as it may have amused the reader at the time of its original appearance in print, will seem somewhat flat, stale, and unprofitable to habitual and retentive students of *Punch*.

We are told of persons who actually feel their risible muscles excited by their twelfth or thirteenth *séance* at the spectacle of Lord Dundreary. But we fail to conceive the temperament which could come out jolly under the infliction of jokes so utterly inane and threadbare as those which figure at every turn of Mr. Savile's pages. In his superlative anti-scientific contempt for the accumulations of the geologist, he has no pity to spare for the collector of "old bones." It were well if he could stoop to feel some deference for the sufferings of those whom he invites to extract the same diversion with himself from his fossilized relics of jocularity. We might then have been spared the resuscitation of such venerable bits of fun as that of the sword that Balaam wished for, or what the whale said unto Moses, or the early bird catching the worm, with the well-known rejoinder as to the folly of the worm; or that of a virtuous woman being worth five shillings to her husband, which latter piece of shining novelty, wondrous to relate, "reminds us"—viz., the Savilian intellects—"of the admirable reply which a Minister of State is reported to have given to old Queen Charlotte when desirous of shutting up St. James's Park. She very innocently inquired how much it would cost; 'Only, madam,' replied he, with refined wit, 'only three crowns!'" We might, by the same stretch of mercy, have escaped the infliction of the hackneyed classical fragments, chiefly from the Latin Grammar, which Mr. Savile probably felt it only due to his rank in an establishment of scholars thus to show off, in refutation of the modern scandal that the Church's learning is on the decline. Better still, we might have been exempted altogether from the task of wading through an ineffably silly book, in the bare hope of something novel or piquant turning up to enliven the perusal, and to justify this waste of printer's ink and reviewer's time. If there are any odds and ends in this *hortus siccus* of flat and desiccated jokes which retain some little pungency and vitality, they are to be looked for among the compiler's incidental cuttings of humour from American newspapers, which have at all events something out of the common way in their rough originality, and their abrupt contra-position of the sublime and the ridiculous. There is, anyhow, somewhat of the art in which Mr. Savile is himself so irretrievably wanting—the art of vamping up a familiar phrase under a new and comic mask—in such stump quotations as that of the Transatlantic orator, "in the language of the ancient Roman:—"

Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base—in a pig's eye!

And there is a bathos of which the reverend writer has nowhere shown himself capable, in the genius of that speaker who could volunteer to "suck the Gulf of Mexico through a goose-quill," or could denounce the "lot of spavined, ringboned, ham-strung, wind-galled, swine-eyed, spit-hoofed, distempered, poll-evilled, pot-bellied politicians that have had their noses in the public crib until there aint fodder enough left to make a gruel for a sick grasshopper."

After exhausting his comic repertory in a description of Man as a Pyrrhonist, a Necromancer, an Allegorist, an Orator, and *Homo Barbatus*, the writer winds up with a number of allusions to his End, gathered from the inexhaustible resources of churchyard twaddle. Even in this grim department of facetiousness, from which, well as it has been worked from time immemorial, something new might still have been expected, there is hardly a specimen which may not be capped off-hand by any schoolboy out of his private manual of that half-profane, half-comic kind of popular literature. With the crowning instance of what he chooses to call, to his own apparent amusement, "tombology," we would inscribe his volume for the benefit of the intending reader:—

I Warner once was to myself,
Now Warning am to thee,
Both living, dying, dead I was;
See, then, thou Warned be.

M'CAUL'S BRITANNO-ROMAN INSCRIPTIONS.

WE are perhaps saying a very barbarous thing, but it has always struck us that the Roman antiquities of Britain are incomparably less interesting than either the primeval remains which went before them, or the mediæval remains which came after them. The primeval remains have the charm of mystery; they belong to an antiquity so remote that we have no means of measuring it; and there is something attractive about objects our whole knowledge of which must be got out of the objects themselves. Our uncertainty as to their age or use, and as to the race of men to whom they are owing, gives them of itself a peculiar interest; and if it helps to remove them out of the sphere of positive history, it still more identifies them with the land itself, and puts them almost in the same rank with the hills on which they are reared. Mediæval remains, on the other hand, of whatever class, all take their place in throwing light on the continuous history of our own nation, or of nations so intimately connected with our own that their histories cannot be kept separate. They all, of whatever

* *Britanno-Roman Inscriptions; with Critical Notes.* By the Rev. John M'Caul, LL.D., President of University College, Toronto. Toronto: Henry Rowell. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

kind, form links of a chain reaching down to our own time, and many classes, again, have the further attraction of their wonderful beauty as works of art. The Roman remains come between the two, and do not directly share the attractions of either. They lack the mystery of the one class, and the beauty and almost personal interest of the other. They belong to a world from which we are nearly as much cut off as from the world of the men who raised cromlechs and used stone hatchets, but it is a world of which we have abundant knowledge from other sources. While, in the other two classes of antiquities, Britain can hold its ground against any country in the world, our Roman remains are, nearly all of them, mere fragments, or very inferior specimens, of which far better examples may be seen in other lands. It is a great matter if we can find a mere wall of Roman date in tolerable preservation. A temple or theatre standing erect is something altogether unknown. Elsewhere, Roman antiquities form an essential part of the history of the present inhabitants. In Italy, Spain, and Gaul, the Roman influence still survives in the laws and language of the people; in none of those countries is the existing population cut off from the Roman age by any marked and impassable barrier. But the Roman remains in Britain are the works of a people who, as far as Britain is concerned, hardly differ from an extinct race. They have been here, and they have vanished; they have had no direct influence whatever upon our laws, language, or habits. Our only connexion with them would seem to be that our forefathers destroyed their dwellings, and slew whomsoever they found in them. England has, of course, had her share of Roman influence as well as other nations; but it is a wholly later influence—an influence not derived from the Roman or Romanized inhabitants whom the Teutonic conquerors found in the island, but from the Roman missionaries of the days of Gregory the Great.

That we should be thus completely cut off from all direct Roman influences is in itself one of the most remarkable features in our history. How the Conquest of Britain differed from all other Teutonic settlements within the Roman Empire is palpable enough. The difference may be summed up in very few words. The English retained their own language and their own religion; elsewhere the conquerors adopted the language and religion of the conquered. The only apparent exception is really an instance of the rule. The Franks, though Roman Gaul formed part of their empire, still remained German in speech, though they had become Christian in religion. But this was evidently because Roman Gaul was only part of their empire—because that empire stretched uninterruptedly over the old and the new Francia, native Franconia and conquered France. As soon as the two separated, as soon as a distinct Gaulish kingdom arose, that kingdom was distinguished as "Francia Latina." But, so far from there being an "Anglia Latina," there was not even a "Britannia Latina." Why all this was—why the English occupation was so different from the other contemporary occupations—is quite another matter, and is, indeed, one of the most puzzling problems in history. There must have been something in the position alike of the Teutons, the Romans, and the Celts in this isle of Britain very different from what their respective positions were elsewhere. There is the phenomenon that everything Roman utterly died out in the part of the island which the Teutonic invaders occupied. There is the almost stranger phenomenon that everything Roman has equally died out in that part of the island which the Teutonic invaders did not occupy. Whatever in Britain is not Teutonic is Celtic. Wales is no more Latin than England is; indeed, it is the less Latin of the two, as having been less exposed to the later and indirect Latin influence. And the Celtic part of Britain is by no means inconceivable. Wales alone, in its present extent, is much more important in proportion than the Breton or Basque portions of France and Spain. And, besides modern Wales, we must, in fairness, take into account parts of the island like Strathclyde and Cornwall—using both names in their wide sense—which remained Celtic a long way down into historical times. Why did not Latin survive in the non-Teutonic portion of Britain, as it survived in the non-Teutonic portion of "Francia?" Must not the Roman, as well as the Teutonic, occupation of Britain have been something very different from the Roman occupation of Gaul or Spain? Here are questions of the highest importance as regards the history of the two races which still inhabit our island. And here it is that the real value of Roman antiquities comes in. Looked at from this point of view, they begin to assume an interest which otherwise does not belong to them. They ought to prove something, one way or another, as to the relations of the Roman or Romanized settlers both to the Celts who went before them, and to the Teutons who came after. Was the Roman occupation, like the English occupation of India, a mere occupation by a ruling and military class? The later history of the island looks as if it were so; but how is this consistent with the remains which are constantly disinterred, and which seem to point to a far more thorough occupation of the whole land? Here are questions to be worked out, and on which Roman inscriptions and other Roman antiquities ought to throw some light. But, though no branch of British antiquities has been more diligently studied, none has been less scientifically studied. Inscriptions, like coins, have been dealt with as a mere hobby—as something valuable in itself, or, at most, as illustrating some small disputed point of geography or archaeology, but with hardly any reference at all to the light which they ought to throw upon general history. A better school of numismatists is arising. It has been found out that coins are not mere curiosities, not even

merely useful to fix the year or style of this or that King, but as capable of throwing light upon the most important points of political history. Inscriptions must be equally capable of the like use; indeed, for some parts of history they have been used just as effectively as the coins have; but as yet little has been done to show what a really scientific examination of the Roman antiquities of Britain might bring to light.

The science of epigraphy—if there be such a word, for paleography is too wide—seems still, as far as Britain is concerned, to be quite in its infancy. Its votaries seem as yet to have by no means reached the first and indispensable stage of agreeing on the reading and construing of the inscriptions on which they are engaged. And yet, considering how many heads have been busy about the matter for a century or more past, one might have thought that some of them should by this time have got at least as far as this. But the main business of Dr. McCaul's volume now before us is to dispute the readings and construals of Dr. Bruce, Mr. Wright, and others who have deciphered and translated the inscriptions. And, in many cases at least, the President of University College, Toronto, has not stepped in without reason. On the plea that both the stonecutters and their employers were often illiterate men who did not always follow the strict laws either of grammar or of spelling, some antiquaries seem to have thought that an inscription might be read and construed any way that they liked best. If a scholar objects that the letters will not make up the words, or that the words will not make up the meaning, it is the easiest thing in the world to say that the engraver of the inscriptions did not stand upon any such trifles. Now, undoubtedly, there are both false grammar and false spelling to be found among the inscriptions; but a good many antiquaries have pressed this plea very much too far. Dr. McCaul points out a good many instances where the renderings proposed by earlier writers cannot possibly be got out of the words. He is evidently a better scholar than most of the antiquaries who have taken to his special branch, and brings a much more thorough knowledge of contemporary literature to bear upon the subject. So far he will be useful as a pioneer for the more enlarged application of the inscriptions to which we look forward. For, of course, till the reading and the construing are fixed, the inscriptions cannot be applied to the higher historical use. And, of course, in order to read and construe them, a man must be a thorough scholar—perfectly master of the language, and thoroughly versed in the written history of the time. What such a man can do with inscriptions may be seen in Boeckh's noble collection of Greek inscriptions, which is really one of the most important sources for Greek history. Without putting Dr. McCaul on a level with Boeckh—if only because he has not attempted the same task as Boeckh—he has at least the great advantage over his predecessors of being able to construe the Latin words. Those predecessors have sometimes been worthy people who have taken to the inscriptions as a hobby, without the needful amount of classical scholarship; or sometimes, like Mr. Wright, really clever men who attempt too many things to do any of them thoroughly well. We must give a specimen or two of the sort of thing with which Dr. McCaul has had to deal, and of the quiet way in which he corrects other people's blunders. In every page we find—and, generally, with great justice—such remarks as these:—"Of the interpretations proposed, the most extraordinary is that proposed by Deval;" "Professor Thomson strangely observes;" "In Mr. Wright's account there are some serious errors;" "A remarkable example of the danger of attempting to restore an inscription without sufficient data is to be found in Mr. Roach Smith's remarks"—and so on throughout the volume. It may be inferred that the Doctor is a little pugnacious, but no harm if he is, when he has to deal with people who construe after this sort. Here is an inscription in Dumfriesshire, given in Professor Thomson's edition of Stuart's *Caledonia Romana*—

Mr. Stuart, p. 129, expands and translates it thus:—

FORTVNAE R
SALVTE P. CAM.
ITALICI PRAEF CO
TVN CELER LIBER
LLM

FORTUNAE REDUCI PRO
SALUTE P. CAMMII
ITALICI PRAEFECTI COHORTIS—
TUNGROHUM, CELER
LIBERTUS, TOTUM SOLVIT
LIBERTISSIMO MERITO

Which may be translated: *To returned Fortune, in gratitude for the restored health of Cammius Italicus, Prefect of the . . . cohort of the Tungrians Celer the freedman [dedicates this,] most willingly performing his vow.*

To Mr. Stuart's expansion I see no objection except the use of *libentissime* for *libens latus*. The note L. L. were read by Scaliger, and by many since his time, as, *libentissime*, but Orelli, n. 2101, points out that the words *totum solvit latus libens*, being in *extenso* in that inscription, determine the correct reading. See also Henzen, n. 5375. His translation, also, requires emendation. *Fortuna redux* does not mean *returned fortune*, but *fortune causing the return, bringing home*. See p. 18. *Celer's* master was most probably absent when he erected the altar. *Pro salute*, also, does not mean *for the restored health*. If that had been the meaning we should have had *ob salutem*. The version of the inscription, noticed by Professor Thomson in the note, has not the semblance of probability to recommend it. It is both unprecedented and unintelligible.

There is a Mr. Hodgson, seemingly somewhere in Northumberland, who is very often upset by Dr. McCaul, and no wonder, when we get the following specimen of him:—

On reference to Mr. Hodgson's description, I find that the only letters of the doubtful word, which he attempts to explain, are the first four—ANIO. These he regards as "the dative case of ANIVS, who was the son of Apollo and Rhea," and he cites in illustration (apparently with approval!) one of

Mr. Faber's wild speculations, that "Rheo" [thus Mr. F. calls the mother of Anius] "is the same as Rhea, a mere personification of the Ark; Apollo is the solar Noah; and Anius is also the great patriarch, under the title of Anius, the naval deity."

Or, try again:—

At Corbridge two altars were found bearing Greek inscriptions. One of them is figured in Dr. Bruce's *Roman Wall*, p. 313, and the inscription is thus translated:—

ΑΣΤΑΡΤΗΣ
ΒΟΜΟΝ Μ'
ΕΙΟΠΑΣ
ΠΟΥΛΧΕΡ Μ'
ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕΝ

Of Astarte,
The altar
You see
Pulcher
replaced."

This translation omits that pleasing characteristic, which is often found in Greek inscriptions, whereby the object is regarded as addressing the reader; and not only is ME overlooked in the second and in the fourth line, but the sense of ΑΝΕΘΗΚΕΝ is not correctly expressed. It does not mean "replaced," but "set up," "erected," "dedicated." Mr. Wright, p. 269, correctly renders it:—

"Of Astarte
the altar me
you see,
Pulcher me
dedicated."

i.e., you see me the altar of Astarte: Pulcher dedicated me. He also notices the circumstance, that the inscription "forms a line in Greek hexameter verse." It is strange, that, being aware of this, he did not observe that a slight and sure emendation will give the same structure in the inscription on the other altar. Following Horsley, he reads:—

ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙ
ΤΙΠΠΙΟ
ΔΙΟΔΩΡΑ
ΑΡΧΙΕΡΕΙΑ'

To Hercules
the Tyrian
Diodora
the high priestess."

It is plain that ΤΙΠΠΙΟ destroys the metre, and that the verse should stand thus:—

ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙ ΤΥΠΙΟ ΔΙΟΔΩΡΑ ΑΡΧΙΕΡΕΙΑ.

i.e. "Heraclēi Τυπίο Διοδόρῃ ἀρχιερεῖα.

We do thus get a kind of hexameter, though a rather bungling one. But to think that any mortal man should have translated *divinity* "replaced!" We deeply regret that the Cat Stane has not come under Dr. McCaul's notice.

Dr. McCaul's book is both written and printed at Toronto—a fact on which he thus modestly comments, though his apologies are hardly needed:—

I have also added an index, and have found it necessary to subjoin additions and corrections. For the number of the items thus subjoined, and of others of the same class which may have escaped my observation, a sufficient excuse may, I trust, be found in the disadvantages, under which I have prosecuted the investigations and have prepared the work, for in this young country we are as yet without some of those aids and appliances which are commonly found in older communities. I have especially felt the want of books for reference. Our University Library is a valuable collection, but the number of volumes is small; and although it is well supplied with works on Epigraphy, it is deficient in some of those adjuncts that are required in the local researches which I have been pursuing, such as county histories and topographical descriptions. I have, consequently, been obliged in some cases, much against my will, to accept the quotations of others without verification.

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR.*

DR. YOUNG to an excellent poem has prefixed a telling title, *The Universal Passion, Love of Fame*, and he cites Juvenal's tenth satire, "that the thirst for Fame exceeds by far the thirst for virtue." Perhaps both satirists are, after all, somewhat in the wrong, although it is a bold thing to say. The love of Fame is a grand passion—too grand to be widely felt. It is the last infirmity of great minds, as Milton tells us. It combines in itself too many noble feelings to be universal; but what really is universal is the minor itching to be talked of and about—the wish to rise to sudden notoriety, the restless longing to become the head of a small circle, the small beer ambition to be the chief in a parish, the leader in a deputation—in short, to be a notorious rather than a note-worthy man. All this, which is universal enough, may be put down rather to an ill-governed vanity than to a love of fame. The man who will be talked about does not much care whether his name be amongst the most fraudulent of bankrupts or in the list of recipients of the Victoria Cross, published in the same *Gazette*. Even when enduring the punishment which crime brings with it, the victim of a voracious vanity exults that his name is before the world. Mrs. Catharine Wilson was, we are told, particularly anxious to know what the papers said of her—it was the only anxiety she showed. Pullinger said that no one had excelled him in his gigantic fraud. Fauntleroy, a short time before he was executed, called for a glass, and when he saw the reflection of his face, was anxious that his portrait should not then be taken. "My God!" said he, "can this be the once handsome, the notorious Henry Fauntleroy?" And in our own time, the unctuous Sunday-school teacher Hocker, in reading some notes after his condemnation, remarked that "he was not then the gay young man which the world had known him." In short, there are very few foolishly bad men who could not be adduced as examples of this hungry vanity, or, as Wickliff and Chaucer would more properly call it, vain-glory.

Forgers of manuscripts and literary impostors are especially the dupes of this vain-glory; and we are about to glance at one of

the most extraordinary examples—namely, George Psalmanazar, the pretended native of Formosa, a man whose real name, so far as we can learn, is still buried in obscurity, and who, himself learned for the age in which he lived, deceived some of the best scholars of his time, and died at an advanced age a true penitent, and a useful member of society. Whatever may have been his name, George was born somewhere about the year 1650, and in Europe. His parents' names, and the place of his birth, he concealed—for a very good reason, whilst he was pretending to be a native of Formosa, and for a still better, when he became a repentant man. He never divulged them, lest his sin and folly should bring disgrace on his family. We presume him to have been a native of Switzerland, or the South of France. "Out of Europe," he says, "I was not born, nor educated, nor even travelled, nor ever went further northward than the Rhine in Germany, or Yorkshire in England." He was suspected of being a German, a Swede, or a Dane, nay, even an Englishman; but he denied that he was a native of either of these countries. His parents were Roman Catholics, but somewhat biased in favour of Protestantism, which would seem to argue that they lived where Protestantism existed. His mother was a pious good woman, but before he was five years old he left her, and was taken many miles away by a Franciscan monk to be educated. This monk, who did not know much, recognised George's capacity, put him into a high class, and pushed him forward, and it was soon found that the boy possessed great talent in acquiring languages, and a strong ambition to excel.

As he increased in years, our hero fell into the hands most fitted to teach him to deceive. Taught by a Dominican, he was well versed in all the subtleties of Thomas Aquinas. He soon found, like many other boys in those days, that he knew more than his masters; and at last, dazed with the philosophy of Aquinas, he left his teachers, and came to a great city, where he was welcomed and made much of, and learned to use his edged tools of argument. Determining to employ these, and pushed on by ambition, he began to read the Roman Catholic theology, with which he soon got disgusted, and went to Avignon to take the place of a tutor. Here he met with a hypocritical priest, who proved to him that many of the clergy no more believed in the doctrines of their Church than they did in the Grand Llama of Thibet. The people were poor, the priests dissolute, and the honest Lutherans whom he met in the country and small towns very badly off—many of their "priests," as he calls them, being forced to keep small public-houses. The young scholar found it hard to rise in the world, either by talent or learning. He had no influence and little patience, and he resolved to try his fortunes in a different way. He visited his parents, and, upon leaving them, determined to assume the character of an Irish pilgrim who had been maltreated and turned out of England for his religion. With a long staff and a black gown the pretended pilgrim left home with rather a heavy heart. His direct route lay past the very University where he had studied theology; and he necessarily, therefore, turned out of the way. The road he took, although "a considerable high road," presented objects not calculated to reassure him, and its description may be quoted as exhibiting the state of some parts of the Continent at that time:—

Now and then, at some lonely place, lay the carcase of a man, rotting and stinking, on the ground by the way-side, with a rope about his neck, which was fastened to a post about two or three yards distant; and there were the bodies of highwaymen, or rather of soldiers, sailors, mariners, or even galley-slaves, disbanded after the peace of Ryswick, who, having neither home nor occupation, used to infest the roads in troops, plunder towns and villages, and when taken were hanged at the county town by dozens, or even scores sometimes, after which, their bodies were thus exposed along the highway, in *terrorem*. At other places one met with crosses, either of wood or stone, the highest not above two or three feet, with inscriptions to this purport:—"Pray for the soul of A. B., or, of a stranger who was found murdered near this spot."

So that Callot's wild pictures of the *Miseries of War*, wherein the trees bear plenteous crops of hanging ruffians, are true enough. Nay, even the exaggerated atrocities depicted in the modern illustrations of Gustave Doré are not by many shades too black. These "detering objects" led our pilgrim to associate himself with many people on the road for the sake of protection, and, as an illustration of his vanity, it may be remarked that he never begged whilst his little store of money lasted, but spent it recklessly, like a gentleman, till the exigencies of the case threw him again on the public. At Lyons, where he hopes to meet with a harvest, an officer asks him whether he wants a *viaticum*, and George, not knowing the consequences of refusal, simply answers "yes;" whereon the officer "claps twopence in his hand, and walks him about the city, seeing many grand objects, to observe which he was not allowed to linger." At last he came to the opposite gate, whereat the officer pointing told him to take himself off, for there was his journey, and if he came back he would be punished. The good people of Lyons were apparently quite awake to the merits of pilgrims, real or pretended, and struck a balance between charity and severity by providing them with a *viaticum* of twopence, and showing them the door as quickly as possible. Our pilgrim was in great fear whether or not this conduct would be repeated at every great city, but he found that this was not the case. Sometimes he fared well, and even sumptuously. He danced with beggars at fairs, and enjoyed himself in his wild way, for he was yet but a young man.

It is but fair to the impostor to state that, every now and then, he seems to be filled with sorrow and trouble for what he has done. The path of the most successful roguery is, after all, not a

* Memoirs of *** commonly known by the name of George Psalmanazar, a reputed Native of Formosa, written by Himself. Dublin: Printed for J. Wilson, J. Evesham, G. Watts, J. Potts, J. Williams. 1765.

path of roses. All around the pretender was evidently an atmosphere of religious humbug, relieved only now and then by some bright spots, and these few and far between. If he saw one of these he was led to regret that he ever passed himself off as an Irish Papist; and, when questioned on his sufferings, he is led to invent them. Dirt and low company had, besides, inflicted on him that disease which, in the time of John Wilkes, was popularly supposed to be natural with Scotchmen. A Dutch officer at Liege engages him for some little time as a kind of general servitor and minor bully at a gaming-house, and, to make him do credit to the virtuous establishment, has him bled, physicked, bathed, and scrubbed, but to no purpose. The "scabious disease" still clings to him. In one particular it is absolutely beneficial to him. About Liege there were a kind of pretended Beguin nuns, who assumed that sacred habit merely for the sake of being procuresses to the fine idle ladies of the town, the virtue of these fair Liegeoises being evidently that of the ladies of the Count of Gammon, or of the dames described by M. Le Comte Bussy Rabutin; and as our pilgrim or servitor was a good-looking young fellow, these "pretended Beguines" often made overtures to him, which were, of course, cut short by a nearer inspection of his hands and skin. The life with the Dutch officer at last proves hateful to him, and he escapes from him, and flies from the "seeming grandeur" of his house, and joins some soldiers, from whom he learns to drink, swear, dice, and fight.

Having still a taste for curious learning, he one day listens to some Jesuit priests who are talking of Japan, India, and China, the wondrous Insula Formosa, and the ravishing islands of the East. It is now impossible to realize the wild ideas which the bare mention of those unknown lands stirred up in the hearts of the hearers. The bombastic Pistol, when he wishes greatly to interest his audience, does not hesitate to "speak of Africa and golden joys." As every countryman, before the days of stage-coaches, used to credit the hyperbolic expression that London streets were paved with gold, so, to the Western mind, the vision opened up by the name of the East, was truly gorgeous. George felt this, and, had he loved fame truly, he would have gone thither; but, as he was only inflated by vainglory, he commenced forming his scheme of deception. He carefully treasured up what he had heard, and knowing that he could not learn the language, undertook the immense task of making one. He invented names for the letters of his alphabet, formed upon it a new nomenclature, divided the year into twenty months, and laid the foundation of his imposture.

In the meantime, some monks with whom he is, wish to use him as a tool, and beg him to become "converted"—he was then a swearing soldier:—

They took me (he says) to a Capuchin of some piety who had been apprised of the intended visit and the purport of it. When we came to the monastery, we found the good old Capuchin sitting on a bench, in an outer room of it, facing the gate, with a lusty young woman kneeling before him, barking like a dog, and making a great many other antic postures and noises, upon which I was told that she was possessed, and that the good father was exorcising the evil spirit out of her. Whether she was sent there on purpose or not, I know not; but I remember to have seen her at some processions, and once or twice in church, in the same unaccountable attitudes.

The power of face or of faith that these good priests were possessed of must have been immense. How could it have failed to happen that, tickled by some gross part of their own humbug, both possessed and exorcist did not burst into a long and loud fit of uncontrollable laughter?

Arrested after again wandering at the gate of Cologne, George finds an officer who takes a liking to him, and to him he first puts forth his grand lie. "He passed with him," he writes, "as a Japanese and a heathen, and was entered in his company under the name of Salamanazar, which since my coming to England I have altered by a letter or two, to make it somewhat different from that mentioned in the Book of Kings, but whether my new captain believed or not what I told him, I was a great favourite with him." The officer was a Colonel Lauder, of the garrison of Sluys, and George, who had been more than once a soldier and knew how to trail a pike, enlisted—still, however, pretending to be a Formosan native born, and once a bitter hater of Christianity, but since converted by the Jesuits. The simple Scotch Colonel appears to have believed all; but amongst his officers was a chaplain of the name of Innes, a man utterly unprincipled, and desirous of escaping from his position and gaining preferment in the Church. This man, as acute as he was unprincipled, detected the imposture at an early stage, but nevertheless persuaded his Colonel to take George Psalmanazar to London and introduce him to the learned there as a precious convertite.

Here, then, was the crucial experiment, and the genius of the impostor for a long time carried him through it successfully. He affected strange habits. He threw himself on the pity of men. He declared that his love for our holy religion had caused him to undergo unheard-of cruelties, and afterwards to fly from his native land. The Bishop of London, to whom he was introduced, believed all he said, and in pitying zeal extended both notice and protection to the fugitive. Innes, we believe, was rewarded. By favour of the Bishop of Oxford, convenient apartments were prepared at that University, so that Psalmanazar might improve himself in his studies. He drew up in Latin an account of the island of Formosa, a very consistent and entertaining work, which was translated, passed through the press, had a rapid sale, and was quoted without suspicion by Buffon and other popular naturalists.

To keep up the sham, Psalmanazar, as we may now call him, burnt candles in his rooms all night, slept in an arm-chair, eat roots and herbs, and drank only water, and was, perhaps, much more Japanese, according to the English idea, than the Japanese themselves. His genius for imposture and his immense memory saved him for a long time from detection, although the keen scepticism of Doctors Halley, Mead, and Woodward, and the exceeding regularity and Western style of his grammar called down virulent and earnest denunciations of the imposition, and caused the learned to battle amongst themselves. In excuse of the Bishops and others who were deceived, it must be remembered that Japan was a *terra incognita*, and that what was known of it Psalmanazar had picked up and embodied in his account. He came back from Oxford to London with a version of the Church Catechism "in his native tongue," which was examined, and by the learned of the time pronounced to be—as it was—a real language, regular, grammatical, and capable of great eloquence and beauty. So strong was his memory at that time that he baffled the ordinary methods of detection. He would translate, *viva voce*, a long list of English words, and when these were marked down—it is said, without his knowledge—he would affix the same terms to them three, six, or even twelve months afterwards. A greater effort of memory has, perhaps, never been heard of. At the full tide of success he gained both money and notoriety; and one of his contemporaries hints that he led an extravagant and, sometimes, even an immoral life. Of this, however, we have little proof.

It was now known that the chaplain of Lauder's regiment had found him tripping in his vocabulary, and thus discovered his imposture. Doctors Mead, Halley, and others, did not cease in their attacks; but it is doubtful whether or not they would have prevailed. Innes, who knew all about his imposture, was one who pulled the strings of the puppet. This man, who more resembles the villainous chaplains of Fielding, Hogarth and Congreve, than an English clergyman, had made Psalmanazar his tool. Taking a passage of Cicero's *De Natura Deorum*, he made George translate it into Formosan, and then, after some days, read it into Latin. The plan of Psalmanazar was unripe, and his dismay assured Innes, who afterwards used him for his own purposes. By his introduction Innes was made Chaplain General to the Forces in Portugal—a position in which he indulged his "inveterate passion for wine and women." On his return to England he found Psalmanazar reformed and the public tired of him. Dr. Innes—his degree he had obtained of a Scotch University—then quietly appropriated a work of some merit, called *A Modest Inquiry after Moral Virtue*, which one might fancy a racy satire on such a man, and on the strength of the book obtained from the Bishop of London the living of Braintree, in Essex. The real author of the "Inquiry," an "Episcopal Clergyman of Scotland," finding out the fraud, made Dr. Innes disgorge the "copy money" of the book, and write an apology, after which *erst* Innes from the stage, to live quietly at his ill-gotten living at Braintree, and, it is to be hoped, to reform.

The Romanists, as Psalmanazar was of the Anglican creed, went virulently against him, but others as warmly defended him. Advertisements in his favour were published in the *London Gazette*; but in the meantime the impostor had become no longer one. He withdrew from life, became penitent through reading Law's "*Serious Call*," and withdrew from society. It was not so much that he was discovered and disgraced, as that he gradually dropped out of the view of the public. When he at last fully awoke to a full consciousness of his shameful position he was only thirty-two years of age, and he lived upwards of forty years after that; and, so far as we can judge, during all that time he was a penitent man. He never paraded his penitence, but supported himself by writing for the booksellers; and as those gentry did not pay their poor hacks very heavily, he must have had much difficulty in keeping body and soul together. Yet he never seems to have complained. He worked on periodical publications from seven in the morning till seven at night, drinking nothing but tea, and a little weak punch as soon as he left off writing—was employed in the dry and laborious undertaking of a universal history—and although he did not openly confess his imposture, it is said he often owned it to his friends with sighs and tears. He had made other pretences, which perhaps irritated his medical opponents—these he also confessed. He pretended to heal himself of the gout by laudanum, yet he confesses he "had not the least tendency thereto." He took opium, and said that he had a secret method of stripping it of its pernicious effects by acids, "particularly the juice of Seville oranges." All these rogueries he rehearses in his last will and testament, published with his life after his death, in which he speaks of himself as "a poor, weak, sinful, and worthless creature, commonly known as George Psalmanazar." He only once attempts to excuse himself, but that weakly:—"I was, in some measure, unavoidably led into the base and shameful posture of passing myself off as a native of Formosa, and a convert to Christianity, all of which was hatched out of my own brain, without regard to truth and honesty." Finally, he "desires to be buried in the common burial-ground, in some obscure corner of it, in the lowest and cheapest manner, without coffin; laid in the earth with nothing to hinder it from covering me all round." Such are his last words. As we read them we cannot but believe him to have been a sincere penitent; and whilst we abhor his deception, we must yet be struck with the originality and boldness of its conception, and the vast acquisitions which it called forth, and the tact, cleverness, and nerve which the deceiver exhibited.

His will is dated "Ironmonger Row, in the parish of St. Luke's, Middlesex, April 23, 1752, O.S.," and ratified on January 1, 1762, Psalmanazar then awaiting a speedy release from this life.

CHARITY OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.*

IF any one wishes to see how a great subject may be made small, and how a subject of high and permanent interest may be made to repel all sympathy and to create feelings only of aversion and antagonism, they may find an instance in a book which a French ecclesiastic, not without learning and excellent intentions, has written on the charity of the early ages of the Christian Church. M. Tollemer thought, and thought with good reason, that it would be a very interesting inquiry to trace the beginnings of that spirit and temper of kindness and mercy, and of those great institutions for the relief of want and sorrow, which have distinguished the Christian centuries and Christian society, and which had their root in the principles of the Christian faith. In the first edition of his book, he had given it the straightforward title, in conformity with its subject, *Des Œuvres de miséricorde dans les cinq premiers siècles chrétiens*. But his friends suggested to him, and he seems eagerly to have accepted the suggestion, that this title implied too neutral a manner of treating the subject. It was not enough to describe these works of mercy as the result of Christianity; they must be distinctly claimed as the exclusive glories of Roman Catholicism. The historical point of view would be insufficient, unless it were subordinated to the dogmatic. So now we have *Des Origines de la Charité Catholique*, with a preface to tell us that here is a fresh proof of the claims and perfection of the "Church, Apostolic, Catholic, and Roman," of the divinity of its dogmas, and of the universal jurisdiction of the Pope. Heretics are warned off at once; they are told that they have nothing to do with charity and its works, either in the first ages or the last. St. Ignatius reproached the heretics of his day with this want; and, with the assurance which is the privilege of fanatics, Roman as well as Protestant, M. Tollemer asks:—

Et de nos jours, qu'avons-nous vu dans les plaines de la Crimée, où la Providence s'est complu, pour l'instruction du monde, à rapprocher le Protestantisme du Catholicisme, et à les mettre en présence de ses deux plus terribles fléaux, le choléra et la guerre? Qu'a fait le Protestantisme? Et le Catholicisme, que n'a-t-il pas fait, même pour ceux qui le méconnaissent et l'oppriment? Cette page sanglante de notre histoire redira longtemps ce que devient la charité au sein de l'hérésie, et ce qu'elle est au cœur du Catholicisme.

M. Tollemer seems to have been talked to a good deal by people who thought him not distinctly enough dogmatic and partisan; and now his anxiety is to show that he is not an historian but a polemic, that he has not related facts for their own sake, but has drawn the proper controversial moral from them. He assures us that a learned and pious bishop has pronounced his book an excellent one for students in seminaries to read, as throwing light on their theological lectures. It is also very good for reading at the "Conferences" of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; and it will show the members of this Society how like they are to their predecessors, not only in their objects but in their persecutions, and will satisfy them that if "their undertaking were less intimately linked to Catholicism—to the Roman Church—they would have fewer enemies." But that any one except a Roman Catholic can have anything in common with the Christians of the first five centuries—that what they did should be looked upon, by any one out of the pale of the Roman Church, as the first examples of a spirit and character which are still, sometimes under altered forms, sometimes in the same, as active and energetic as ever—that they should be claimed as instances of the excellence of his religion in its early ages by any one who does not accept the Council of Trent and the decree of the Immaculate Conception—is a supposition which apparently has never crossed M. Tollemer's mind, and which, at any rate, he does not take the trouble even to notice as conceivable.

Accordingly, we are reminded all through—by distinct comments wherever an opportunity offers, and in every page by the peculiar manner and tone of the writer—that we are reading a work which is to glorify and exalt, above anything human, the Church over which the Pope rules, and to cover with common confusion and ignominy, as if they were but branches of the same stock, the ancient heathen persecutors and the modern Protestant heretics. It used to be one of the common sayings of the great days of the casuists, that it was a difficult thing to write about chastity chastely. But it might be thought that there need be no analogous difficulty in writing about works of mercy and charity. The characteristic, however, of M. Tollemer's work on the charity of the early Christians is that it is peculiarly calculated to create feelings the most opposite to charity among the modern ones. It is inconceivable that a thorough-going Roman Catholic—a seminary student, for instance, or a devout member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul—could imbibe all M. Tollemer's strong statements, in the spirit in which he presents them, without being filled with the most intense and indiscriminating hatred of all that was not Christian in the early ages, and with loathing and consummate contempt for the wretched pretenders to religion now, who, as they are not in communion with the Pope, simply have no idea what charity means. And it can

hardly be said that M. Tollemer's cool and self-complacent assumptions that everybody among the Christians of the first five centuries thought and felt about religion exactly as French and Italian Ultramontanes feel and think now—and that no one but an Ultramontane is capable of understanding and practising Christian charity, of discountenancing persecution, of maintaining liberty of conscience and the free exercise of religion, of setting their due value on human life and liberty, and of paying proper respect to the dead—are likely to pass with readers who are not Roman Catholics, without exciting more or less of those feelings which impudence and resolute ignorance of truth are apt to engender.

M. Tollemer, of course, quotes largely from the Fathers and other writers; and, perhaps, the seminary students who read him think him a very learned man. He may be considered to be so, if learning need not imply criticism, and if quotations made without inquiry as to the genuineness of the work quoted, and without consideration of the character and circumstances of the writer, are all that is wanted to illustrate history or establish theories. M. Tollemer seems never to have heard of any questions about the Epistles of St. Ignatius. He has no doubt even about those which all parties reject, and boldly cites, without suspicion or remark, "the Epistle to the Faithful at Antioch." He is equally unsuspicious about the Canons of the Council of Nice, and recites, with great solemnity, one of the most manifestly spurious of the many which are attributed to it, as the "traduction textuelle d'un des Canons du Concile de Nicée." But this uncritical carelessness is as nothing compared to the way in which he uses his authorities. The Fathers were apt to be declamatory and rhetorical, especially in cases where they felt strongly, as in the matter of the persecutions. They simply did what all people do who are harshly and cruelly dealt with—they stated their case and their injuries with strength, and something more. But any strong expression of the Fathers becomes still more unmeasured when quoted and translated by M. Tollemer. Every broad or passionate generalization is first accepted by him as a literal and exact statement of fact, and is then commented upon and invested with the inflated sentiment which is usual when a man has nothing but the most unbounded sympathy and admiration for one side, and nothing but unsparing condemnation and hatred for the other. The idea that any of the Christian writers whom he quotes ever wrote in a way which might require to be qualified, or were ever carried away by excitement of any kind—or, again, that each of them had a character of his own, and that the statements of one might, for various reasons, be of less value than those of another—never seems to occur to M. Tollemer. Further, that five centuries was a long time, and that the space over which the Roman Empire and the Church of the early ages extended was a very large and diversified one, are obvious and important considerations in writing such a history; but M. Tollemer's view of the subject is independent of any such checks. Authorities, laws, institutions, of all dates and places, are all of just the same value, whatever be the period or the subject about which M. Tollemer is writing. A Father of Antioch or Alexandria is as good evidence as any one else about something in Gaul or Italy, and if a question arises about the fifth century a quotation from the second is cited as relevant. In a short chapter on the character of early hospitals, M. Tollemer strings together, as co-ordinate authorities, in using which it is quite natural and legitimate to argue from one to the other, a law of Justinian, a regulation of Gregory the Great about a foundation of Queen Brunehaut at Autun, a canon of the Council of Orleans, the Arabic canons of Nice, Gregory of Nazianzum, and Gregory the Great again. Nor does he seem to be in the least degree conscious that there were any such differences between the subjects of Justinian and those of Queen Brunehaut, and between the times of Gregory of Nazianzum and those of Gregory the Great, as to make a generalization resting on so confused and indiscriminating a use of authorities rather a precarious one.

The portion of M. Tollemer's work in which he treats of his proper subject, the growth of the characteristic principles and institutions of charity in the Christian Church, is so disfigured by exaggeration and panegyric as to be of little value. But a considerable part of the book is taken up with a subject which it requires some ingenuity to connect with the professed purpose of his work. It is about the persecutions, the frightful wickedness of the heathen laws and magistrates, and the heroism of the martyrs. For a writer like M. Tollemer, who is willing to multiply and magnify the obvious and pardonable exaggerations of the suffering party—who accepts with an emphatic declaration of belief the testimony of such a writer as Lactantius, that "at the accession of Constantine, all the prisons of the Empire were gorged with an innumerable number of Christian prisoners," and who, when he is attempting to estimate the number of the martyrs, is satisfied with the statement, "*Nous croyons avoir lu quelque part que l'on connaît le nom de onze millions de martyrs*"—the task of writing about the persecutions is an easy one. But calmer observers may think, perhaps, that it was less the charity of the early Christians than their faith, and endurance, and high spirit of resistance which was most exemplified in their fierce struggle against Paganism. A curious instance of the way in which M. Tollemer makes his subject furnish an argument for Roman Catholic dogmas and practices, is found in his chapter on the burial of the dead. The charity of the early Christians was shown—and it is the first "work of mercy" which he notices—in their treatment of the dead. He quotes a number of well-known passages to show how, in the persecutions, a struggle was carried on between the Christians and their enemies

* *Des Origines de la Charité Catholique*. Par A. Tollemer, Prêtre du Diocèse de Coutances. Paris. 1863.

for the bodies or the bones of the martyrs; and though this struggle is what would not unnaturally be the result in such a conflict, he remarks with truth that the Christian belief in the resurrection of the body had a strong influence on the minds of both parties, in leading the one to show insult, and the other reverence, to the mortal remains of the dead. But M. Tollemer cannot resist the temptation of commenting on the charitable care of the early Christians for the dead as an unanswerable proof of what is becoming once more a very favourite practice in France, the religious *culte* of relics. It is scarcely connected very directly with the development of the spirit of charity in the Church; but M. Tollemer cannot pass over a point, though so slightly connected with his subject, which gives him an opportunity of denouncing Protestant error. It was, he says, the logical result of the belief in the resurrection of our Lord, and of the conquest over death in his Saints:—

Il est impossible de ne pas admirer l'irrésistible logique avec laquelle toutes ces idées se tiennent et s'enchaînent dans le dogme Catholique. A quoi donc songaient les Protestants, en proscrivant le culte des reliques et en brisant le magnifique ensemble des traditions de la primitive Église?

He warns on this subject. "Ever since the death of Jesus Christ," he declares, "the veneration of the relics of the martyr has become, as it were, one of the first instincts of every truly Christian soul. The *culte* of relics, which the Protestants forbid, is, perhaps, of all the points of Catholic doctrine, the one which rests on the greatest number of facts, historically incontestable." The kind of evidence which M. Tollemer judges "incontestable" is shown by his citing twice over a forged Canon of the Council of Nice, of which no one can believe the genuineness, to prove that the distinguishing test between the orthodox on one hand, and Gentiles, heretics, and heterodox on the other, is whether or not they venerate relics.

It would be a waste of time to study M. Tollemer's great subject in a book like his, full of the conceit of spurious learning and superficial theorizing, and disfigured by more than the usual amount of polemic exaggeration and one-sidedness. It may serve to illustrate the tone of thought among the French clergy. It is a characteristic instance of the way in which they are successful in avoiding pedantry, and in assuming the outward form of popular and reasonable writing, while falling blindfold into extravagance and absurdity. But it will not assist any one very much in tracing out the spirit and works of charity in the primitive Church.

A LITERARY VETERAN.*

HORACE WALPOLE, who loved mischief, never did a more mischievous act than when he recorded, for the torment of posterity, the alleged remark of his quondam friend Gray, "that if any man were to form a book of what he had seen and heard himself, it must, in *whatever hands*, prove a useful and entertaining one." Taken literally, it is a justification of all Autobiographies, Confessions, Recollections, Diaries, Reminiscences, or Impressions, in *esse* or *posse*, past, present, or to come; and even when interpreted with a reasonable qualification, it is an authority for a formidable amount of egotism assuming its most durable and most offensive shape in print. Such books are useful and entertaining only when the materials are supplied from the life of one of the principal actors on the stage of the world, or from that of a discriminating observer who has been fortunate in his opportunities; and when, moreover, these materials have been more or less artistically put together. When, therefore, Mr. Cyrus Redding first proposed to act upon the aphorism, we paused to consider whether he was fairly entitled to fill several volumes with the well or ill remembered sayings and doings of himself and his contemporaries. He is certainly something more than an ordinary man, although he hardly comes up to the popular notion of an extraordinary one. He is simply a respectable man of letters of the second or third class, who, after editing or sub-editing magazines and newspapers for more than half a century, composing or correcting articles on all sorts of subjects by the hundred, and producing at least one meritorious book (*A History of Wines*), has been rewarded towards the conclusion of his career with a pension of 70*l.*—just 20*l.* more than the noble dispenser of the royal bounty was eager to bestow on the renowned poet Close. But if Mr. Redding's career has not proved altogether prosperous, it has been varied and eventful. It has brought him into contact with many literary and political celebrities, whose names shed light upon his pages; his character seems to have inspired confidence; and he was constantly called into consultation, whether a new political association was to be constituted, or a fresh organ of public opinion to be planned. Whilst he edited the *New Monthly Magazine*, in its palmy days, under Thomas Campbell, he was in cordial co-operation or communication with most of the principal writers of the Liberal party; and amongst his acquaintance at different times he enumerates Dr. Parr, Wolcot, Koscoe, Ugo Foscolo, Moore, Rogers, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Miss Baillie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Shelley, Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, Washington Irving, Talfourd, Marryatt, Hogg, Sheil, &c. &c.

Il s'est frotté contre l'esprit; and some scintillating particles could hardly fail to stick to him. But no longer ago than 1858

he gave to the world *Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal*; and it might be thought that he had thereby discounted the full amount of popular favour and indulgence to which he could lay claim on the score of his connexions or his services. The book, however, reached a second edition; and this encouragement seems to have deluded the Reminiscent into a belief that not merely his impressions of people and events, but the minutest details of his own intellectual growth, are fraught with deep interest, and calculated to throw light upon the mental and moral progress of the century in which he flourished. His boyhood occupies more space in these volumes than that of Shakespeare, Spenser, Newton, or Locke, in their respective biographies; and one event in it, which we give as a sample, suggests that he was precocious as well as fanciful:—

I once got into a quarry where my meditations were disturbed by a large viper, which I contrived to despatch, but the incident troubled my equanimity for the remainder of the day. My memory ran upon Eve and the serpent, and all I had read of serpents, and how strangely the reptile was first introduced. My thoughts were not at all contumacious to the love-making affair of Eve and the serpent, so as to endanger my orthodoxy. Still it seemed a puzzling affair to my young comprehension, yet how could I doubt the fact of the conversation of our common mother in her intrigues? It seemed to me, however, that she might have chosen a more comely animal, for though the snake, it is said, lost his legs and speech in consequence, it still remained in my view a sad impeachment of good taste in Eve. I began to read about snakes, and in discriminating the different kinds could not settle whether it was one of the boa constrictor species or an amphibiana, which, as two heads are said to be better than one, might after all have been the true species.

The minister of the parish in which much of Mr. Redding's boyhood was passed was Polwhele, the translator of Theocritus, &c. who told him a story of Gray:—

I was once told a story of Gray by Polwhele. Gray was a great favourite of my youth. The story came from Mason. It is well known that Gray was retiring, shy, and even effeminate, so that he was ridiculed by the young men of the University. The poet in consequence took it into his head to let his whiskers grow large. Some of the wags of the college got one of their scouts to do the same, and then, being a man of larger make, he was contrasted with Gray. The project failed, Gray was obliged to reduce his whiskers to their old dimensions. Polwhele told me he knew Mason, the friend of Gray, I believe through an intermediate agent, and he described him as a most worthy, conscientious man, not much of a poet in manner, exhibiting no flashes of genius, but plain and unaffected in conversation, exact in morals, and very conscientious. His abilities were no doubt overrated. He determined to accept no preferment beyond that which he enjoyed, and gave up a chaplaincy to the king, because he was of opinion no one in such a post could help feeling a desire for a bishopric, a thing he thought not compatible with a truly Christian character to be always "hoping."

On this ground, no clergyman should accept a bishopric because it might set him "hoping" for an archbishopric; nor, indeed, any preferment whatever, because it might be deemed the forerunner of another. Amongst the records of Mr. Redding's maturer years, the most amusing are the notes of his conversations with Leigh Hunt, who was one of the most lively, entertaining, and genial of companions:—

Hunt used to laugh at the utter want of any idea relative to the merit of literary works among traders in books, and quoted a letter of Pope I had forgotten. Pope left some diverting letters descriptive of the conversation of booksellers, with and about authors, perfectly graphic. Byron related that Murray was congratulated by a brother chip upon having such a poet as himself. As if, says the noble writer, one were a "packhorse, or ass, or anything that was his;" or as Mrs. Packwood, who replied to some inquiry after "Odes on Razors," "Lord, Sir, we keep a poet." "Childe Harold and Cookeries is much wanted," an Edinburgh biblioplist wrote to Murray.

Moore relates, that having casually intimated, in a letter to his publishers, his opinion of one of Wordsworth's poems, the next letter on business he received from them concluded thus:—"We are very sorry you do not like Mr. Wordsworth's last poem, and remain, dear Sir, yours obediently, L. H. R. O. & B."

Strange to say, Leigh Hunt, who has been accused of sceptical tendencies, turns the discourse on written prayers, and quotes Milton as opposed to forms. Mr. Redding agrees with him, except in the case of children, and adds:—

Still the use of forms by grown-up persons leads them to rely upon mere verbal repetition as if religion dealt out its virtue on such repetition alone, and thus the form is hurried over any how. The Roman Catholic Church multiplies prayers for no better end, as if crediting their efficacy solely thus applied. Our Church has too many repetitions; some excellent. A child does not learn a form when it addresses its parents to fulfil its wishes. It is not a bad story told of the sailors of the three nations, in a storm; the Scotchman prayed extempore; the Irishman had his prayers by heart, to the Virgin, and the eleven thousand virgins, perhaps, into the bargain; but the Englishman went through the ship, hunting for a prayer-book, and could not find one, until the storm was over.

The foregoing story recalls one told by Mr. Polwhele, in whose parish I once resided. The storms from the Atlantic break with great fury upon the coast of Cornwall. There was a solitary inn, upon a cold exposed spot in a hamlet on a cliff near the sea; one dark evening a tremendous storm of wind, thunder, and lightning, rocked the houses to their foundations; there was but one little inn, the mistress of which was the oracle of the hamlet. The frightened cottagers all left their own homes and ran to the inn, the walls of which were substantial, and with such an oracle as the landlady they could not but be safer there! The storm increased in fury, and terror was upon every face; at length it was proposed some one should read prayers, and a lad of all work, in the service of the landlady, was told to go up-stairs and fetch the prayer-book. He was the only one of the party who could read tolerably. The lad obeyed, and, on opening the book, all the party fell upon their knees. The boy began, and read on for a little time uninterruptedly, until he came to the words, "and his man Friday," when the mistress called out—

* *Yesterday and To-day*. By Cyrus Redding. 3 vols. London: T. Cauley Newby. 1862.

"Why, Jan, thee art reading *Robinson Crusoe*!"
Being piqued at the interruption, the boy replied—
"An' if I be, missis, I 'spose *Robinson Crusoe* will keep away the thunder as well as the other book!"

There were but two books—the Prayer-Book, and De Fo'e's novel—in the house, and Jan, in his hurry, had brought the wrong one.

One marked value of a book of reminiscences, faithfully set down at the time, is that it enables the younger reader to determine whether what are now received opinions of persons or events were originally the well-founded convictions of cotemporary observers, or have been formed gradually as undue motives for elevating or depreciating have ceased to operate. Thus, we might learn from a reminiscence of 1809 and 1810 that the military skill of the Iron Duke, which the existing generation have got accustomed to regard as a universally acknowledged fact, was contemptuously denied for many years by the Whig leaders; and Mr. Redding recalls an analogous truth touching the other great captain of the age:—

Thus, before his coronation, Napoleon was far from being as popular even in the army as is generally supposed. The coronation was played off between two parties—the ignorant and narrow-minded, whom it is easy to dazzle, and people of rank, whom it is always easy to buy. The victories and conquests of Napoleon, although at last they dazzled the whole nation and fascinated the army, did not, in the early and brilliant part of his career, obtain the popularity which the memory of his past glory, and of his attachment to the French people, secured to him after his reverses. The leaders were jealous of him. His name being connected with the glory of France, every year subsequently that the Bourbons and Orleansists were in power afforded humiliating contrasts to the era of Napoleon, and did not tend to lower, but to raise him in their esteem, and this feeling made way for his nephew.

In reply to the popular charge against Sheridan, of studying his repartees, Mr. Redding gives two, which, he thinks, could hardly have been studied:—

All the world in those days knew George Rose, of the Treasury. Rose was talking to an individual in the lobby of the House of Commons. Sheridan was close to him, when a friend ran up and said, "What news to-day—anything afloat?"

"Nothing, my dear fellow, nothing except the rumour of a great defalcation in the Treasury—mind, *sub Rosa*!" replied Sheridan, loud enough to be heard all round.

The well-known Beau Brummel too often got the lash from him, yet the beau liked the company of the wit who played upon him.

"My brain, Sherry, is swimming with being up all night—how can I care it? I am not myself this morning."

"Then what are you?" said Sheridan; "but no matter. You have mistaken your complaint, there can be no swimming in a *caput mortuum*."

During an excursion to France, Mr. Redding visits several historic spots—amongst others, the freshly-opened graves of Abelard and Heloise, in the Convent of the Paraclete—and verifies the discovery that, judging from the remains, Heloise was taller than her lover. At Paris, he falls in with a survivor of the Reign of the Terror, and collects some curious particulars:—

In the same prison with Josephine Beauharnais was one of the daughters of Madame Coquet. When she too well surmised that her last hour was approaching, she borrowed a pair of scissors to cut off her hair. "The scoundrel executioner, at all events, shall not have that honour." She then gave, with a smile, a smelling-bottle to a friend to preserve for her daughter.

The executioner generally cut the hair of the condemned close off, it being his perquisite. I was informed by one who had known Samson the executioner, that he possessed a cupboard at one time filled with the hair of the individuals, male and female, whom he had cropped before their execution—treasured, no doubt, for sale to hairdressers! The object of this operation was to prevent the edge of the axe as it fell from meeting with any resistance at the nape of the neck. The hair coming between the knife and the integument, might deaden the edge. What an idea of ladies wearing false hair, supplied from the scissors of the executioner! Yet the fact cannot be doubted.

M. Broglie, only two hours before the fatal knife fell upon him, expecting the cart to take him to execution every moment, listened while M. Vigée, an author and fellow-prisoner, read to him one of his works, during which he took out his watch, and said, "My hour approaches; I do not know whether I shall have time enough left me to hear you out. No matter; go on till they send for me."

It may be seen from these extracts, that Mr. Redding's harvest of "Recollections" had left some gleanings for his *Yesterday and To-day*. But we earnestly deprecate a third adventure in the shape of *Past and Present*, *Morning and Evening*, *Sunrise and Sunset*, or any other tempting title to which the inventive fancy of author or publisher may give birth. He has fairly earned his discharge, and got it. He may now contentedly repose upon his laurels (such as they are) and his pension—a species of national bounty which should always be conferred in such cases upon condition that the recipient will never write again.

FRÖHLICH'S ETCHINGS.*

THREE new illustrated books are before us by a German artist, publishing in Paris, hitherto unknown to us. We can credit M. Fröhlich with much fancy and spirit, but unfortunately his artistic skill is but mediocre. Those who may open these books

with the hope of finding illustrations comparable to those of Gustave Doré to Dante's *Inferno*, will be grievously disappointed. M. Fröhlich's style is unfortunate. He neither affects the statuesque simplicity of Flaxman, nor the highly-wrought picturesqueness of Doré. His drawings are generally somewhat feeble, and aim at little more than mere prettiness. The anatomy of his figures is seldom accurate, and we doubt whether a single fold in his draperies has been honestly studied and traced out. There is evidence, in Raffaele's original sketches and first thoughts of his pictures, that he would often draw his figures in the nude before clothing them with their proper dress. No critic will ever suspect M. Fröhlich of such superfluous study as this. His etchings remind us far too much of the facile and elegant but inaccurate drawing of some of our lady amateurs, the best of whom too often betray the fatal want of study in the life-school.

All honour, however, to M. Fröhlich for the excellent choice of a subject which he made in undertaking to illustrate the exquisite fable of Apuleius. It is strange that the story of Cupid and Psyche has not more often inspired painters. The work before us consists of twenty etchings, besides a title-page. There is no letterpress. The subject of each plate is described in a brief recital, which is etched in a most unreadable character on the plate itself, after the manner of the text of an illuminated manuscript, while the illustrations are treated like borders or vignettes. The title-page is one of the best. Here the old crone in the robbers' cave is telling the story to the captive Charite, while Lucius, transformed into an ass, looks on listening. In this, however, the drawing is very faulty. No one, for instance, can tell whether they are rocks or woolpacks on which the ass is resting his head; and, with singular lack of humour, there is no scintillation of human feeling in the expression of the metamorphosed Lucius. In the first illustration of the fable, the universal homage paid to the beautiful Psyche is represented in a rather absurd way. She stands on the top of a floral arabesque pattern, among the windings and branches of which a number of male figures of all ages sit, stand, run and climb, like the spider monkeys in the Zoological Gardens. Venus, rising indignant to see her shrines deserted, is happily enough conceived. Her expression of dignified astonishment at her rival is well given; but the anatomy of her figure is dreadfully bad. The next plate is tame to a degree. Here the angry goddess intrusts her vengeance to her son and retires to her ocean home—two common-place quasi-classical groups. In a medallion below, the parents of Psyche consult the oracle of Apollo; but this is quite unimpressive. Two sphinxes and a serpent form a rather sorry stock of magical properties. The transport of Psyche by Zephyr to the mountain valley forms the subject of the next plate; and this is, perhaps, the most graceful of the whole series. The following one represents Psyche in the bath in the magic palace, where she was served by unseen ministers—the original idea, no doubt, of the enchanted palace in the fairy tale of *Beauty and the Beast*. M. Fröhlich, however, spoils the sentiment of this by representing materially a perfect crowd of attendants. The charm of the scene ought to be its thorough solitude; and the exquisite word-picture of Apuleius implies the absence of any material form by every imaginable subtle device of verbal expression. The scholar will remember the "*vox quædam corporis sui nuda*," the "*nullo serviente sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsa subministrantur*;" and that final touch, "*Nec quæquam talen illa videre poterat, sed verba tantum audiebat excidentia, et solas voces famulas habebat*." Post opimas dapes quidam introcessit et cantavit invisus; et alius cithara pulsavit, quæ videbatur nec ipsa." M. Fröhlich seems to us to have missed the whole spirit of this scene. The mob of servants are as much out of place as that bloody corporeal Banquo who made his appearance in Madame Ristori's great scene from *Macbeth*. We pass over the rather unsatisfactory presentations of the nuptials with Cupid, and the visit of Psyche's jealous sisters. Even the inspiring subject of the discovery of Cupid by his bride, and her scolding him with a drop of oil from her lamp, has not lifted M. Fröhlich out of commonplace. We have seen dozens of illustrations better than this; in which, moreover, the badness of the drapery is unusually conspicuous. The next plate depicts the fate of the envious sisters, and Psyche's own rescue by the god Pan. This is graceful, and the accessories are, as usual, thoughtfully imagined. Next, we have a representation of Venus swimming in the depths of the ocean, while the seagull—"avis peralba illa gavia"—dives down to recount to her her son's adventure. This is not uncleverly designed, but the speciality of the bird has not been observed. Speaking of the visit of Venus to Cupid's couch, Mr. Fröhlich says, prosaically, "*C'est dans le recit d'Apulée qu'il faut lire les singuliers propos qu'elle lui tient*." The next plate is also above the average. It represents the interview of Venus with Jupiter, and the mission of Mercury to claim Psyche as a fugitive slave; while below, in a medallion, is seen the civil rejection of Psyche's suit by Ceres. But the artist has missed the delicate irony of the original, where the forlorn damsel is made to busy herself in making tidy that goddess's littered temple. "*Hic singula Psyche curiose dividit, et discretim remota rite componit, rata scilicet nullius dei fana cærimonis negligere se debere, sed omnium benivolum misericordiam corrogare*." Less commendable is the scene of Psyche's harsh reception by Venus, and her punishment by the two handmaidens, Sollicitudo and Tristities, while Cupid's imprisonment is depicted with a sort of stupid

* *L'Amour et Psyche, d'après le Roman d'Apulée. Suite de vingt planches dessinées et gravées à l'eau forte. Par Lorenz Fröhlich. Paris: Hetzel.*

La Journée de Midie. Lili. Vignettes par L. Fröhlich. Paris: Hetzel.

The Lord's Prayer illustrated by a Series of Etchings. By L. Fröhlich. London: Trübner & Co.

literalism. Then comes the fairy-tale part of the story, which scarcely affords good subjects for an artist's pencil. M. Fröhlich makes very little, for instance, of Psyche's adventures in search of the golden wool, and the flask of Styx water, and the box of Proserpine's beauty; though the latter expedition gives an opportunity for treating in a series of small medallions—all of them rather feebly designed—the usual scenes of a descent to the infernal regions. There is one beautiful sentence in Apuleius's description of the help given to Psyche by the Eagle of Jupiter in her expedition after the Stygian water, which we cannot help quoting in justice to that polished and philosophic writer. It runs as follows:—"Nec Providentiæ bonæ graves oculos innocentis animæ latuit ærumna." Inconceivably common-place and hackneyed is M. Fröhlich's design for one of the most charming incidents of the story—where the escaped Cupid recalls to life, by a prick from the point of an arrow, the silly Psyche whose curiosity had driven her to open the deadly pyx of Proserpine. The two final plates are better. They represent respectively the pardon of Psyche with her receipt among the immortals, and the flight of the reunited pair of lovers in the Empyrean.

We cannot think that this fine subject has been adequately illustrated by M. Fröhlich; but still there is much that is good in his designs. It is not uninteresting to compare his mild neo-classical treatment of the fable with the curious literalism of the pictures on the same theme by Filippo Lippi, which belonged to the late Mr. Davenport Bromley's collection. In those two singular pictures the artist had treated the story of Cupid and Psyche exactly as he would have done a contemporary legend of some mediæval saint. Whether Lippi meant by this to ridicule the legendary hagiology of his day, or whether he saw little or no difference between the fables of Apuleius and those of Jacobus de Voragine, it is difficult to say. We should be very glad to see the story of Cupid and Psyche well edited, and examined in its relation to the modern fairy-tale as well as to the *Legenda Aurea*.

M. Fröhlich's other works are of less importance. In fact, his *Illustrated Lord's Prayer* is a mere catchpenny. It is dedicated to the Princess of Wales, with a prayer for "England, that great nation, so profoundly and eminently Christian." The several petitions of the Lord's Prayer are made the subjects of illustration, generally in a far-fetched and infelicitous manner. The general type of them is a celestial glory in the air, enclosing the words of the petition, and surrounded by posture-making angels and hosts of winged cherubic faces—that almost exploded kind of emblem; while below are various typical figures of each sex and of every age, in exaggerated attitudes of "stagey" devotion, and demoniacal figures crawling away discomfited. There is really no merit in the majority of these plates, and in many of them the connexion of thought is undiscoverable. The designs are evidently meant to suit the supposed religious atmosphere of England; but the result is only a dreamy kind of vague unreality, which will please nobody.

On the other hand, we may warmly commend M. Fröhlich's *Journa de Mademoiselle Lili* as a capital child's book of pictures. It will be very acceptable, we are sure, to all young ladies between three and seven; and the sentiment is always wholesome and healthy. Madlle. Lili's day is illustrated in a series of excellent sketches. First, she wakes up, and sits on her mother's knee, while her "grande seur Marie lui fait faire sa petite prière." Then she is dressed, "without her crinoline;" she has her hot bread and milk for breakfast; she sits on the floor and "travaille dans les livres de son papa;" she takes messages, she rides on her father's foot "tout debout, comme au Cirque;" she "retouche les tableaux de son papa avec son doigt;" she gathers a nosegay for her godfather, who comes to see her with "pockets full of bonbons;" she strums on the piano, and hampers the lock of the cupboard; and, after all sorts of amusing mischief, is dressed in her best and goes to dine (!) with her "parrain," comes home and puts her dolls to sleep, especially one naughty "Monsieur Polichinelle, qui dit qu'il veut dormir les yeux ouverts," before she goes to bed herself. This little book will be welcome in all nurseries. The editor expresses a noticeable hope, in his preface, "que ces cahiers naïfs, comme il y en a tant en Allemagne, auront leur public en France parmi les gens de cœur."

GERMAN LITERATURE.

AMONG the literary products which record the recent expeditions that have been made by the two great German Powers in Pacific waters, Dr. von Hochstetter's* account of New Zealand is, at least externally, the most imposing. It is published with all the luxury of type, and form, and paper, and illustration which, in spite of our greater wealth, the chief German publishers seem to have at fuller command than our own. The average cleanness and beauty of English typography has no equal in Germany. A German book, as far as its outer form is concerned, is either very good or quite detestable; and the overwhelming majority of them belong to the second category. But the few exceptions are decidedly, especially in the illustrations, equal to anything which our own firms can produce. The book before us has, however, other than external merits. It is a very agreeable and popularly written account of the impression

which a voyage to New Zealand left upon a clever naturalist's mind. The work is not strictly scientific. That portion of the results of the *Novara's* expedition in New Zealand is reserved for more detailed and extensive treatment. But the whole narrative is conceived by a person who looks at things from a scientific, and especially a geological point of view. All the most beautiful views are of places with some geological interest. He discourses of the Maoris principally with the object of calculating the period at which the race is likely to become fossil; and all he has to tell of his experience of Sundays passed in New Zealand is, that he found the day very convenient for the purpose of arranging his collections. A beam of political economy occasionally crosses his geological view of men and things. He is of opinion that all the Christianity of the Maoris is only external, and a sort of fashion, because they "labour irregularly." To this Lancashire conception of Christianity is added, a little farther on, one that commends itself perhaps more generally to European acceptance. He is very severe on the break-down of the alleged civilization and Christianity of the natives, as shown by their desperate resistance to what they imagined to be injustice in the affair of William King. An explanation, however, of these sentiments is possibly to be found in the fact that the book is destined for translation into English, and circulation in the colony. Consequently, the opinions of the author, whenever he wanders out of his scientific circle, are eminently colonial, and therefore specially hostile to the missionaries. The only point in which he has probably miscalculated the popular taste is in imagining that the "general reader" will swallow so formidable a dose of science. The book is too deep for ordinary circulation, while the attempt to give to it a popular tone will probably disappoint the student. The latter will, however, no doubt be amply satisfied by the further treatise which is forthcoming.

The *Travels of Freiherr Adalbert von Barnim in the north-east of Africa** is a work which, still more than the last, has need to thank its publisher. In itself it is an agreeable but not a very important composition. It consists of an account of a journey which Freiherr von Barnim, the son of Prince Adalbert of Prussia, made up the Nile, through Nubia, into the heart of Abyssinia. It is written by his medical or scientific companion, for he did not live to bring home the results of it himself. He was struck down by fever at Rosères, and his companion was left to come home alone. Magnificence befits all that concerns princes; and, therefore, there may be said to be a propriety in the luxury with which a narrative of a journey has been brought out that, but for the pedigree of the voyager, would have had but little significance. A good deal of information, especially to the naturalist, is contained in the splendid quarto, and the ordinary tales of a traveller's experience are not without interest; but the striking feature of the work is the collection of beautiful illustrations, which are bound up in a separate volume. They consist of views of the country through which the Prince passed, and occasionally of striking scenes which he witnessed. Assuming them to be faithful, they are valuable as delineations of distant countries which are more often described than painted; and in point of execution they are among the finest, as well as the costliest, that the lithographic press of Germany has ever issued. The tale of the poor young Prince's death, in the wild countries he had undertaken to explore, is told by his companion with much simple pathos. Though almost delirious with fever himself, Dr. Hartmann appears to have spared no pains, according to his own views of art, to save him. It is possible that the English reader, fresh from a recollection of the havoc which blood-letting and other exhausting treatment has caused among the great men of the last few years, may read of the frequent bleedings which Dr. Hartmann details with a mournful sympathy for the princely patient:—

As the Baron was always subjected to a very violent attack of the fever just before sunset, and the present one was singularly violent, I tried another bleeding, in doing which I had to be held up by two persons. I pierced the vein successfully, but scarcely any blood came; and in my despair I tried at the other arm, and very little blood came from it. The unfortunate patient could scarcely move for weakness, and refused all nourishment.

This result, however, appears in no way to have staggered the doctor in his attachment to the lancet, and he persevered in it till the Prince was safely laid under the palm-trees in Rosères. It was a sad destiny to be despatched by a doctor in pure affection, who was so ill that he was obliged to be held up by two men to operate properly. The doctor was himself more fortunate. He tried to persuade an attendant to cup him, but the attendant absolutely declined; and the doctor recovered. But it was under difficulties; for his guide declined to leave the malarious place until a sufficient cargo had been collected; and the sympathizing people of the neighbourhood occupied themselves in the evening, in anticipation of his approaching death, by singing funeral songs at his door. He was so helpless that he could make no fight against the white ants which tried to eat him up; and when he appealed to his attendants, they comforted him by the assurance that that was the way they always treated dying people.

Another edition of Dr. Gneist's valuable dissertation upon the local self-government of England has appeared.† It is said that

* *New- Zealand.* Von Dr. Ferdinand von Hochstetter. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

* *Reise des Freiherrn Adalbert von Barnim durch Nord-ost-Afrika in den Jahren 1859 und 1860.* Beschrieben von seinem Begleiter R. Hartmann. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Geschichte und heutige Gestalt der Englischen Communal-Verfassung, oder des Self-Government.* Von Dr. R. Gneist. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

the popularity of the work is so great, in spite of the extreme dryness of the subject, that this second edition is already exhausted. It thoroughly deserves its success; for it is a wonderful example of the completeness with which an intricate subject wholly unfamiliar may be mastered in all its details by sheer labour. A microscopic critic might discover here and there traces of the foreign hand. No one, for instance, who was personally acquainted with the working of the English Constitution would state unreservedly that, in the eighteenth century, an acceptance of the doctrines of the Established Church was a necessary condition (vol. i. p. 378) of the tenure of a Parliamentary seat or a Government office. But it was a mistake into which a foreigner might easily fall; for the language of the still unrepealed statute was very distinct, and he might be pardoned for overlooking the quaint device of evading it by an annual Act of Indemnity.

Adolf Stahr has published a *Life of Tiberius**, of which the leading idea corresponds to a great extent with the view taken by Mr. Merivale. The evil impression which posterity has conceived of him is altogether a mistake. Tacitus was a cruel calumniator, who has reported the slanders of contemporary libellers, recorded in the archives of the courts of justice in which they were punished, as if they spoke the truth. The Emperor was a wise, patriotic, beneficent, and particularly chaste sovereign, whose only fault was that he trusted too blindly to the treacherous Sejanus, and that after his fall he conceived a rather cynical distrust of human kind. The very different estimate which we find in the pages of Tacitus was the result of a "strong reaction against the despotism of the Julian house." The case is worked out in great detail, and with considerable ability. By the account of the author, the volume appears to have been already in the press when Mr. Merivale's sketch reached him. Though a frequent reference is made in the notes to the English historian, the text is to be taken as an independent speculation, owing its origin in no degree to Mr. Merivale's suggestions.

Dr. Liebig, a medical officer at Lohenstein, in the dominions of the Prince of Reuss-Plauen, has published a small treatise on the gipsies†, which will derive value from being founded on an intimate personal acquaintance with the subject-matter. The gipsies form a notable ingredient in the criminal class in Germany, and give to a police magistrate who is of an ethnological turn of mind great opportunities for gratifying his tastes in the course of his profession. This book is composed half of a description of the gipsies and their customs, half of a vocabulary of their language. The first part consists of a number of anecdotes loosely arranged together, which have been collected by the author from the gipsies who came before him. They embrace the religious belief—if it can be so called—the government, the diet, family life, and general habits of the gipsy tribes. Germany is a favourable field for the study, for, owing to the incessant political disturbances under which it has suffered, these tribes have retained their traditions and their unity more completely than in many other countries. It is not much more than a century ago that a celebrated gipsy chief used to hold his court of justice in a great wood near Köthen. His power must have been considerable, to judge from the severities to which his people submitted. An executioner with an iron hammer in his hand stood by him as he sat in great magnificence upon the judgment-seat; and, whenever the sentence of death was pronounced—which usually happened in the case of even the smallest offences—the executioner carried it out on the spot, by beating in the prisoner's forehead with his hammer. Yet, in spite of this Draconic system of government, the chieftain lived to a good old age. No one ventured to interfere with him, till at last one day he drew down upon himself the vengeance of his own brother, by ordering that brother's little boy to have his hand cut off for breaking the twig of a holy tree.

A learned treatise‡ upon the etymology of the names of places in Germany has appeared from the pen of Herr Ernst Förstemann. He first deals with that portion of each name—usually the termination—which is derived from the natural or artificial character of the place itself, which he designates as the *grundwort*. In the composition of the name these words occupy the place of substantive—as the "burg" in Magdeburg, the "stadt" in Neustadt. He goes through these in order—first taking those which arise from natural conformation, and then those which arise from human creations. In the second portion of the work, he examines those parts of each name which take the place of the adjective, and to which he gives the name of *Bestimmungswörter*. Besides an immense compilation of present local information, the nature of the work involves an enormous labour of research into past history, as the real meaning of a name is very frequently only traceable by discovering the form in which it stood several centuries ago. In order to compress the results of his erudition into a small compass, the author has been careful to exclude everything in the nature of reflection or discussion. Such a course, perhaps, makes the information which

has been collected together more accessible; but it necessarily consigns the work to the rank of books of reference.

*International Titles** is the name of an amusing collection of proverbs from all countries, expressing the opinion which various nations have entertained of themselves or of each other, as well as of their own or their neighbour's towns. The collection is very extensive, and includes the proverbs applying to very small places as well as to very big ones. The only fault committed in the compilation is, that the proverbs are all, or almost all, first translated into German, instead of being given in the original. Perhaps, in reproducing Russian and Polish, this was inevitable; but it need hardly have extended to English, French, and Italian. Many of the proverbs have considerable historic value, as recording a very distinct public opinion. It is curious that the proverbs of many centuries ago should reproduce the same national peculiarities as those which are commonly attributed at the present day. The English of six hundred years back were reproached, like their descendants, for being proud, and for being over-fond of eating and drinking. A political proverb, attributed to the Emperor Maximilian, has displayed something of the same longevity:—

A King of France is a king of donkeys, for what he commands his subjects, that they must do; a King in England is king of the people, for what he commands them, that they approve of; but the Emperor is king of princes, for they all do what they like.

A good deal is said in these days of the attachment which the Ruthenes, as they are called, used to bear to their Polish masters. There is a whole string of Ruthenian proverbs expressing a very different state of feeling. The following is a fair hit at the quality of their enemies' religion:—"The Pole would rather cheat a horse on Sunday, than eat butter or milk on Friday." And the next aptly paints their political condition in old time:—"Poland is the peasant's hell, the Jew's paradise, the burgher's purgatory, the nobleman's heaven, and the stranger's goldmine."

Niobe and the Niobides† is a "monograph" by Dr. Stark, a professor at Heidelberg, discussing Niobe and her children in every conceivable point of view. The myth itself, with the ground-idea it was intended to represent; the literature, ancient and modern, in which it has been made use of; the artists and sculptors who have employed their talent on it; and the character and merits of the various relics of ancient statuary and carving, connected with this subject, that have come down to us, are all treated in the most exhaustive detail. The lithographs of several of these works of ancient art, with which the volume is illustrated, are singularly beautiful.

Dr. Peter Pervanogier, a tutor in the University of Athens, has published a small treatise‡ upon the gravestones of the ancient Greeks, illustrated with engravings. It is an attempt to remedy, in some degree, the hopeless disorder which prevails in the collection at Athens, by drawing attention to the most noteworthy sepulchral monuments, and giving a detailed description of them.

Dr. Schöne has published a small tract upon sixteen cartoons designed by Friedrich Preller§ for paintings, which are to be executed upon the walls of a great hall in the palace of Weimar. Various scenes from the *Odyssey* are the subjects of these drawings. Dr. Schöne's tract is nothing but a panegyric or puff upon these works of art, preliminary to their being exhibited in some of the larger German towns. Considering the terms in which this elaborate advertisement is conceived, it is satisfactory to receive the assurance, in the dedication, that Preller did not see it before it was published.

The Dialogues of Aristotle||, by Bernays, deserves respectful mention as a learned and scholarly work, although its place is rather in the lists of academical than of general literature.

* *Internationale Titulaturen*. Von O. Frh. v. Reinsberg-Düringsfeld. 2 Bände. Leipzig: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Niobe und die Niobiden*. Von Dr. K. B. Stark. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Die Grabsteine der Alten Griechen*; nach den in Athen erhaltenen Resten derselben besonders untersucht. Von Dr. Peter Pervanogier. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

§ Friedrich Preller's *Odyssee-Landschaften*. Leipzig. Breitkopf und Heutel. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

|| *Die Dialoge des Aristoteles*, von Jacob Bernays. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

* *Tiberius*. Von Adolf Stahr. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

† *Die Zigeuner in ihrem Wesen und ihrer Sprache*. Von Dr. E. Liebig. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

‡ *Die Deutschen Ortsnamen*. Von Ernst Förstemann. Nordhausen: Förstemann. London: Williams & Norgate. 1863.